

# The Nation and The Athenæum

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## EVENTS OF THE WEEK

WE go to press before the full election results are known; but it is already clear that the Conservatives have swept the country, and that while Labour has suffered heavily, the Liberal representation has been reduced to a still more serious extent. The quality of the Liberal casualties is even more deplorable than their quantity. The defeat of Mr. Asquith must be regarded, we fear, in view of Lady Bonham-Carter's declaration on Tuesday, as marking the close of his political career; and the question of Liberal leadership may cause grave internal dissension at a time when the party can afford no dissension at all. Mr. Masterman, Mr. E. D. Simon, Mr. Ramsay Muir, Mr. Oliver, Mr. Norman Birkett, indeed practically all the most promising of the younger Liberal members, and all those associated with the Liberal Summer School movement, have lost their seats; and the quality of the Liberal members who will return to Westminster is difficult to gauge. The independent majority which Mr. Baldwin threw away last year is now restored to him in ampler measure than before.

We do not know with what emotions the results are received by Labour Ministers and their supporters. We should not be surprised if satisfaction predominates, in view of their frank avowal that the destruction of the Liberal Party was their main objective. The more discriminating among them, however, may perhaps find cause for misgiving. For the real moral of the election is that the vision of an independent majority for Labour is absurdly remote from practical politics. Wednesday's poll was first and foremost an anti-Labour poll. Liberal losses were mainly due to the transference of votes to Conservatives, as the most definitely anti-Labour party. They reflect not an anti-Liberal, but an anti-Labour feeling. If the policy of destroying the Liberal Party has achieved a greater measure of success than we thought possible, it has at least been abundantly demonstrated that Labour can only injure itself by pursuing that policy. The predominant mind of Britain is Left-Centre. It is not Socialist, and will never be Socialist. Even if the Liberal Party were to

be finally destroyed, the notion that Labour could hope to establish itself in the position which the Liberal Party held before the war is a grotesque illusion. All that Labour can succeed in doing by anti-Liberal tactics is to give Conservatism a long lease of power. That is not what Britain really wants.

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The last few days of electioneering were enlivened and confused by the publication by the Foreign Office on October 24th of a letter purporting to have been written by Zinovieff, Chairman of the Third International, to the British Communist Party, together with a strongly worded protest addressed to M. Rakovsky, the Soviet representative in London. Desperate attempts were made to unravel the story of Mr. MacDonald's actions and intentions with respect to these documents and to extract from him a definite statement as to whether he regarded the Zinovieff letter as a genuine document. With a disingenuousness which has been growing very rapidly upon him of late, and which, we venture to say, is unexampled in a British Prime Minister, Mr. MacDonald evaded these attempts and contrived in his public speeches to imply, at one and the same time, that (a) great credit was due to him personally for the promptitude and firmness with which he had dealt with the letter (a promptitude and firmness that would be absurd blunders if it was not genuine), and (b) that there was reason to suspect that the letter was a forgery, and that the Conservative Party, the "Daily Mail," and the staff of the Foreign Office were all implicated in a melodramatic plot against him. The general feeling about this attitude was expressed by Mr. Asquith when he said:—

"I want to make it perfectly clear that we, at any rate, who are fair-minded critics and who have nothing to go upon really but official declarations, are profoundly dissatisfied and more than dissatisfied, we feel humiliated. It is a humiliation to our public life that an incident of that kind should have been possible."

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One unfortunate result of Mr. MacDonald's tactical doubts as to the authenticity of the Communist letter is to embarrass him in replying to Rakovsky's denials.

The Russians have demanded an apology and the punishment of the "underlings" responsible for the British note. Unless Mr. MacDonald resigns at once, he will have to deal with this amiable suggestion. Probably he will get out of this particular difficulty by being speedily "convinced" of the genuineness of the document, on his return to the Foreign Office. But what is to follow? The orthodox sequel to a charge of bad faith brought by one Government against another is the breaking off of diplomatic relations, and when a Conservative Government takes office in this country, there is some reason to fear that this course may be followed in the present case. We hope, however, that wiser counsels will prevail. The result of the election makes it absolutely certain that Russian propaganda will be vigorously combated in all parts of the world with which Britain is concerned, and the immediate danger is not that we shall concede too much to the Soviets, but that we shall return to the policy of ostracizing the great community which they control. It would be an ironical and deplorable outcome of the Labour attempt to make treaties with Russia, if we were to act thus when France is according *de jure* recognition to the Soviet Government.

A secondary question arising out of the Zinovieff affair needs to be thoroughly investigated. Who gave a copy of the document to the "Daily Mail" before it was issued by the Foreign Office? It is strongly rumoured that the leakage occurred through the War Office, and, if there is any truth in this, a very serious breach of official confidence has been committed. The Prime Minister has every right to insist that disciplinary measures should be taken against any person found guilty of this offence, though its commission would not, of course, prove that the document was a forgery, or that various politicians and civil servants were implicated in a plot against the Labour Government.

A few days before the polls Mr. Baldwin at last broke silence on the House of Lords. Speaking at Perth on October 25th, he said:—

"Mr. Asquith said many years ago, at the time of the passing of the Parliament Act, that the position of the House of Lords as left under that Act could not remain as a permanency, and he regarded the Act itself as an emergency Act until time could be found to deal with the whole question of the second chamber. His desires to complete the work on which he embarked have never been fulfilled. The position of the second chamber has never been properly regularized, and it is a matter of grave doubt whether safeguards in the Parliament Act as they stand against hasty legislation are sufficient to prevent it being carried behind the backs of the electors, particularly in regard to all Bills which have financial provisions in them. The present regulation with regard to financial Bills seems to open the door to far-reaching legislative changes being carried when they are not really financial, but only camouflaged as such. So I think it is our duty to consider, within the framework of the Parliament Act, whether it is practicable to make provision for the machinery of the second chamber for preserving the ultimate authority in legislation to the considered judgment of the people, and, if it is practicable, the adaptation or amendment of the constitution of the House of Lords would be a necessary condition for carrying this into effect. It is a question of very considerable difficulty, but it is one of great importance, and if a Unionist Government would have time and power it would receive our attention."

We quote this from the excellent report in the "Glasgow Herald," and we have thought it necessary to quote it *in extenso* as it was very inadequately reported in the London Press. (The "Times," for instance, did not even reveal that Mr. Baldwin had referred to the House of Lords.) The statement is not likely to satisfy the stalwarts of the National Unionist Association, but

we hope it will never be cited as a "mandate" for increasing the powers of the House of Lords "behind the backs of the electors."

The Government of India struck on October 25th, with crashing effect, at the movement of revolutionary violence which, as C. R. Das had said in the plainest terms, is both wide and deep. The Bengal police arrested seventy-two suspects, including several of Mr. Das's intimate associates. The arrests were made under the powers conferred upon the Bengal Government by a new Ordinance proclaimed by the Viceroy and limited in its operation to six months. It greatly extends the powers of summary action vested in the Executive, abolishes trial by jury in cases of seditious conspiracy, and provides for the trial of accused by a special tribunal of three. Nothing more drastic than this was included in the Rowlatt Act which, five years ago, provoked the Punjab outbreak and the Gandhi crusade. It has, of necessity, brought dismay to the Swarajists; it has been met with complete condemnation in the Indian Press, and by no means unanimous approval from the organs of Anglo-India. The Bengal Government accompanied the stroke with a carefully written Resolution, giving a historical review of anarchic conspiracy in the Presidency over a long term of years, and describing the new forms of terror that have emerged in the later stages. Lord Lytton's position as Governor is not by any means made free from difficulty by the Ordinance. He must summon the Provincial Council in order to secure the passage of necessary legislation, and Mr. Das, of course, is mobilizing his obstructionist forces. We may take it for granted that, but for the defeat of the MacDonald Government, Lord Reading would have displayed a much greater reluctance to come out with so thoroughgoing an example of the strong hand.

The arrest, expulsion, and re-arrest of Mr. de Valera by the Ulster authorities appear to have caused comparatively little excitement in Ireland, and no undue importance need be attached to his somewhat theatrical adventures. A much more significant event is the British Government's appointment of Mr. J. R. Fisher, barrister-at-law, as the representative of Ulster interests on the Boundary Commission. The appointment gives no ground for cavilling by Ulster. Mr. Fisher, late editor of the "Northern Whig," Belfast, has always been a strong champion of the Ulster cause. At the same time, his record as a lawyer and historian entitles him to the respect of his political opponents. The announcement of this appointment, which completes the Boundary Commission, marks a very definite stage in the development of the situation. If there is anything in the expressed desire of both North and South for an agreed settlement, independent of the Commission, it is high time steps were taken to give that desire some tangible effect. The sands are running out, and no British Government can go back on what has been done.

As we pointed out last week, the chief danger to the Dawes Scheme in the German elections lies not so much in the threat of repudiation as in the possibility of administrative obstruction by Nationalist members in a coalition Government. The Nationalists have never obtained a clear majority even in the hour of Germany's greatest trial, and are unlikely to do so now. Whether a stable Government can be formed without them is more doubtful. The first moves in the campaign suggested a widening of the breach between



themselves and their natural allies, the People's Party, for Count Westarp announced that they were opposed both to the Dawes Scheme, in mass and in detail, and to membership of the League of Nations, while the People's Party are in favour both of the Scheme and the League. This being so, it is difficult to conceive how a basis of co-operation can be found; but the latest private advices from Germany suggest that a secret understanding between the two parties has been arranged. The truth of this rumour remains to be proved; but a clear majority for the Nationalists and People's Party combined could not be regarded as a good augury for the success of the Scheme.

The last stage of the American Presidential election affords an illustration of three-party tactics which is none the less interesting because inconceivable in England. The managers of the Democratic Party are under no illusion as to the weakness of their candidate as against Mr. Coolidge. It is estimated that there is no hope of a victory for Mr. Davis at the polls on Tuesday; but since, because of the intervention of Senator La Follette, there is a good chance of Mr. Coolidge failing to get a clear majority in the electoral college, certain tacticians argue that good Democrats should aim at bringing about the election of Mr. Davis by the oblique method of voting for La Follette. The plan is easy to work out on paper. The successful candidate must command 266 votes in the electoral college of 531. If La Follette can win a large enough group of States in the West, Mr. Coolidge will miss his majority of one. The election then goes to the House of Representatives, which may choose one of the three candidates—voting by States, one vote one State. Should the House fail to elect, the Senate chooses a Vice-President from the two candidates standing highest, and the Vice-President succeeds to the White House. The Senate's choice, presumably, would be restricted to Mr. Dawes and Governor Charles Bryan. Mr. Dawes would stand no chance with the present Senate. Therefore the House, in order to avoid a Bryan as President, would probably compromise on Mr. Davis. This calculation leaves out of account one important factor. England's return to Conservatism will undoubtedly increase the Coolidge poll.

Great Britain and Turkey have now opened their case with regard to the *status quo* in Iraq before the Council of the League of Nations, and it is satisfactory to note that Fethi Bey, the Turkish representative, gave the most unequivocal undertaking on behalf of his Government to abide loyally by the Council's decision. Meanwhile, the Greek Government have taken advantage of the extraordinary session of the Council to enter a protest against the arrest and expulsion of Greeks in Constantinople, before the Mixed Commission has decided as to which of them are exchangeable. As the Turks have agreed to state their case, there is reason to hope that, on this question also, Turkey will accept the League's decision. Meanwhile, it is reported that in consequence of the intervention of the Mixed Commission, the arrests have ceased.

General Primo de Rivera has now issued a definite statement of his aims in Morocco which may be taken as a final rebuff to the advocates of a forward policy. He states his intention to restrict the area of Spanish occupation to a narrow coastal zone which can be fortified and with which security can be guaranteed to Spanish residents and natives under Spanish protection. All that is known of the military operations in progress

confirms the impression of his sincerity which we formed when he first announced the new policy. These operations appear to have no other object than the relief of the outlying garrisons and their withdrawal to a less extended line. If General Primo de Rivera can carry through this programme, he will undoubtedly greatly increase his popularity in Spain; but his difficulties will be very great. To extricate the isolated garrisons without disaster is itself a heavy task, and the final problem is complicated by the apparent inability of the Spaniards to secure road communication between Melilla, which can scarcely be abandoned, and the Tetuan zone. Thus everything points to the necessity of securing two zones, one very restricted, with no clear line of communication except by sea.

A new aspect has been given to the Wahabi rising by a proclamation issued by Ibn Saud to the nobles of the Hedjaz, in which he asserts that his sole quarrel with King Hussein was in respect of improper discrimination against Nejd pilgrims at Mecca. If this means only the imposition of tolls, King Hussein can point to many precedents; if there has been any substantial denial of access to the Holy Places, Ibn Saud has a grievance that will appeal strongly to the Moslem world. The Wahabis are undoubtedly nonconformists; but from time immemorial the right of pilgrimage has been granted equally to all sects. Ibn Saud now appears to contemplate the appointment of a new Sherif of Mecca, with the object of safeguarding access, and if this can be done without denying the suzerainty of the Caliph, an accommodation may be possible. Otherwise, the appointment will raise questions of temporal and religious jurisdiction under Moslem law that will not be easily settled. One thing is clear: the question is one that the Moslem world must be left to settle for itself.

In estimating the significance of events in China it is necessary to remember how completely the break-up of the old *régime* has shattered the prestige of the Central Government. In any other country the occupation of the capital would probably be decisive of a civil war. In China it carries with it little more than the military advantages conferred by the strategical position of Peking. It matters little that Wu Pei Fu's revolted General Feng Yu Hsiang has deposed the President, a nominee of the Chihli party. The real significance of the *coup d'état* was the threat to the communications of Wu Pei Fu, while he was concentrating for his struggle against the Manchurian Viceroy, Chang Tso Lin. The Chihli Marshal has, however, established a new line of communications through Tientsin.

A good deal of unnecessary fuss has been made about the Admiralty's reminder to the Navy of the regulations prohibiting naval men from taking active part in elections. The long tradition against service participation in political propaganda is salutary from the standpoint both of service discipline and politics. The attempt which was made at the last election to enforce a similar restriction on the political activities of bank staffs stands on an entirely different footing. The difficulty about the naval man is that, while he may record his vote, under a secret ballot, in his capacity as a private citizen, he can hardly appear on a political platform without appearing to compromise his service. The same difficulty does not apply to the bank clerk, and we are glad to learn that the ban has been removed, on the understanding that members of the staff shall make it absolutely clear that they are expressing only their individual opinions.

## THE PROTOCOL.

WE have published during the past fortnight several letters replying to the criticisms which we passed upon the draft Protocol recently formulated at Geneva. Obviously the issue is an exceedingly important one. The precise attitude which Britain should assume towards the Protocol will constitute perhaps the most important and delicate of the problems which will confront whatever Government displaces Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his colleagues. But the matter is not one which can be left without public discussion for the Government to decide. British influence and credit have suffered seriously enough in the past year or so from the absence of any clear national policy in regard to the efforts of the League to solve the problem of "security." The promulgation of the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance in 1923, mainly as the result of the initiative of Lord Robert Cecil as chief British delegate; the uncompromising rejection of that Treaty by Mr. MacDonald last July, mainly on the ground that the warlike obligations it would impose on Britain were so excessive that "if scrupulously carried out, they will involve an increase rather than a decrease in British armaments"; the subsequent acceptance by Mr. MacDonald of the Protocol, which imposes on us immeasurably more extensive obligations; the apathetic perplexity with which each successive move has been received by the British public—all this constitutes a story which is not creditable to our reputation for steadiness and good sense in foreign policy. It will be a grave misfortune if the Protocol is considered in an atmosphere in which such considerations as the wickedness of "undoing Mr. MacDonald's great work for peace" are prominent. We need to evolve a national or rather an Imperial policy in regard to the whole problem, to define with a measure of general acceptance how far the British Empire is prepared to go in assuming obligations designed to maintain world peace. For this reason, though we cannot endorse the "warm approval" expressed by the Executive Committee of the League of Nations Union of the principles of the Protocol, we hope that their suggestion that it should be referred to "a special Committee representative of all sections of opinion here and in the Dominions" will be adopted. In the meantime, nothing is more important than that the obligations of the Protocol should be fully understood.

We argued in our previous article that the effect of the Protocol, if it were regarded as a serious reality, must be to stereotype the *status quo* to an appalling degree. It makes it impossible, on the one hand, for any State to raise a question involving the revision of existing treaties as a "dispute." On the other hand, it promises a State "whose treaty rights have been transformed by the passage of time into obsolete vested privileges," and which, in the teeth perhaps of a unanimous world sentiment, refuses to make any concession whatsoever, "the protection of the whole might of the League." We argued expressly that this must serve "by damming-up the forces of change until they have accumulated an explosive energy" to make eventual war more probable. Finally, we insisted that in these circumstances the undertaking to support the Protocol by force of arms goes far beyond any that Britain can honourably give, because in circumstances which may conceivably (and, in our judgment, very probably) arise, we should certainly not be prepared to make it good.

To this, what do our critics reply? In the first place, it is noteworthy that none of them makes any attempt to deal with the last point. Some of them

express the hope that the moral atmosphere of the League will prove potent enough to overcome the opposition of obstinate States to reasonable reforms; all of them argue that the perpetuation of the most unjust *status quo* is preferable to war; but none of them faces the question whether the warlike obligations of this Protocol are such as Britain can honourably assume. It is not right, we say plainly, to ignore this aspect of the Protocol, or to push it into the background. After all, from our British standpoint, it is the crux of the whole matter. As a "satiated Power" we are not likely ourselves to have any serious quarrel with the *status quo*. But, as the leading naval Power, it will fall to us to take a large part in any warlike operations which may be called for under the Protocol. It is, therefore, we submit, the primary duty of all who seek to guide British opinion on this question to face this obligation squarely, and to see that those whom they influence are not left unaware of all that it may mean. We repeat the words which we used a fortnight ago. "Suppose that a State has a grievance against the *status quo* with which we sympathize, tries patiently for years to obtain redress by peaceful means, but, though backed very possibly by an overwhelming preponderance of world opinion, finds these attempts blocked by the sole opposition of a single interested party—if, finally, such a State should resort to war, we are pledged by this Protocol, in common with all other members of the League, to suppress that State by force of arms." Does this in any way exaggerate our obligation? No one has suggested that it does. If not, we invite defenders of the Protocol to answer the following questions: In such circumstances as we have supposed, are they themselves prepared to make our warlike undertaking good? Do they seriously expect their countrymen to do so? If not, do they really think that it will advance the cause of peace for us to give promises which we do not mean to carry out?

On the speculative question as to whether the worst possible *status quo* is not preferable to war, we are disposed to agree with our critics, though we cannot feel very confident that our answer would be the same if we belonged to a "vanquished" State. But this is entirely beside the point. The real question is whether the Protocol is likely in practice to ensure peace; and we assert our profound conviction that in practice nothing is more likely to lead to war than arrangements which make it difficult to modify the *status quo* by peaceful means.

We have no desire to minimize the influence of the Geneva atmosphere. We believe that influence to be no amiable illusion, but a reality of tremendous importance. It is insufficiently appreciated how much the institutions of the League, and in particular the annual Assemblies, have already done to create a world public opinion which is overwhelmingly pacific, and to make individual States sensitive to that opinion. That this influence will grow rapidly and surely is our hope and our faith; for upon it depends, we believe, the safety of civilization as we know it. But what inference is to be drawn from the influence of the League atmosphere? We draw the inference that we can trust the conciliation organs of the League, provided only that they have time to function, to prevent any dispute between members of the League from resulting in war—at least for our generation. If a dispute is submitted to the Council, and the parties wait, as they are already pledged to do, until three months after the Council has issued a report, we do not believe that there is much danger of a resort to arms. The practical danger is that the parties will not so wait, that one of them will plunge precipitately into war in



defiance of its obligations. This is the danger against which there is need to guard. Here is the need for military undertakings—to assert as a reality which can be relied on that any sudden aggression in defiance of the Covenant will be repelled by the united force of all the signatories to the League. In such undertakings Britain might reasonably participate. Do not our critics agree with us that this is the heart of the security problem; or do they seriously fear a war between members of the League, after the provisions of the Covenant have been scrupulously complied with?

In the latter case, their faith in the Geneva atmosphere is, we submit, not very robust. Yet they ask us to trust to this atmosphere to secure necessary modifications in the *status quo*, although by this Protocol they would cut away the basis on which the League's influence ultimately rests. At present, if the League says to a State "This is a concession which we think you ought to make," it is easy to see why its opinion will carry weight. If a conflict should occur, it is well to have world opinion on your side, and highly dangerous to have it solidly against you. But if the Protocol were seriously believed in an obstinate State could say "We shall not make any concessions, no matter what you advise; and, if we are attacked, you are bound to come, 'loyally and effectively,' to our assistance." Perhaps in practice a State would not argue so; for it might well have a healthy scepticism as to whether it could really count on the assistance. But this brings us back to our original objection, that only harm can come from basing international arrangements on undertakings that cannot be relied on.

It is easy to see how the principles of this Protocol have come to enlist so much support. The immediate need of the world is stability rather than change; even in Germany the desire to be assured against fresh occupations of the Ruhr is momentarily stronger than the desire to alter the Treaty of Versailles. It is well to take advantage of this mood to establish whatever arrangements for mutual security can permanently be sustained. But it is not well to ignore the fact that the mood of the world is bound to alter, that the ultimate test of the League will be its capacity to secure that necessary changes are brought about without resort to war, and that it is rash meanwhile to do anything which will make that task more difficult.

### AN ELECTION NIGHTMARE.

HOW I came to be there, I do not know. All I can remember is that I suddenly found myself entering a hot and crowded room, which looked like an election committee-room, with a number of other men, among whom I recognized several Cabinet Ministers.

"Both Snowden and I spoke to the P.M. this morning," Mr. Thomas was explaining in a loud voice, "but neither he nor I know even now if the Zinovieff letter is a fake or a genuine document; so we thought it best to get you all together and have it out. If it's a fake, it shows how easily they can be gulled."

"How easily who can be gulled? The P.M. and his Department?" asked Mr. Snowden.

"Of course it's a fake! McManus has said so," broke in Mr. Wheatley, impatiently. "With the full knowledge that the whole thing was a fraud, the Sunday Press has broadcast the forgery into millions of homes. Nothing in recent times has revealed to the same extent the depth of degradation to which the wealthy owners of the yellow Press have been reduced. I hope people will demonstrate on Wednesday how strongly they resent this policy of poisoning the wells of British public opinion for mean party and political purposes."

"Who has been poisoning the wells, Wheatley?" asked Mr. Snowden. "In my opinion," he added,

"the Foreign Office deserve the thanks of the British public for the promptitude and firmness with which they have dealt with the communication."

"I am indisposed to accept the authenticity of the document," remarked Mr. Henderson, pompously, "and I shall wait until I get official information before I pronounce judgment upon it."

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Ponsonby, "do you mean to say that even the Home Secretary didn't know anything about it? I was rather sore because I wasn't consulted, but they often forget the Under-Secretary of State. I did think the Home Office would be in the know."

"There's one thing," remarked Mr. Snowden, with a certain air of grim satisfaction, "this dishes the Russian loan anyway. The British Government will never ask for the ratification of the Treaty when evidence of bad faith by the Soviet Government since it was signed has been produced. The suggested loan was wholly contingent on the Russians affording the most absolute proof and security of their good faith, and since these cannot be given, the Treaty falls to the ground."

"Why, what difference does it make?" asked Mr. Walsh. "I thought we were giving the Russians a loan on principle." "Exactly," broke in Mr. Wheatley, "it doesn't matter if we never see a penny of it back. Besides, I tell you the whole thing's a fraud. The Russians have said so."

"Anyway, Snowden," said Mr. Thomas, "the Government comes jolly well out of it. We published the letter openly on the eve of the election, showing that we have pulled up the Russians. Is not that the best evidence of honesty and clean conduct? It shows that Labour has no connection with Communism."

This remark seemed for some reason to annoy Mr. Wheatley, and a heated discussion began in which several Ministers talked at the same time and no one appeared to be listening. Only Mr. Ramsay MacDonald sat glowering at the table-cloth and saying nothing.

Presently Mr. Clynes arose and said, politely: "Perhaps the Prime Minister would be so kind as to throw a little light on the Foreign Office communication."

All eyes were turned on Mr. MacDonald, who remained silent for a few moments, and then broke out in tones of passionate indignation:—

"It's all a mare's nest and a manufactured stunt."

"There you are. What did I tell you?" cried Mr. Wheatley, with jubilation.

"I see that the newspapers are full of it," the Prime Minister continued, "and yet in every paragraph and in every column they confess they know nothing about it. Ah, my friends, that is the great chance for Tory propagandists—to talk about a big stunt of which they know nothing. Let me give you a few dates. This letter, this Red letter, did not find its way into the Foreign Office until the 10th. It was not registered until the 14th. You all run Departments and you all know what a long time it takes to get a paper put on a file and numbered. It was sent to me in Manchester on the 15th. I received it on the 16th. I minuted the same morning that the greatest care would have to be taken in discovering whether the letter was authentic or not. I felt sure that that would tide us over until after the election. If it was authentic it would have to be published, and in the meantime, while investigations were going on, the draft letter to Rakovsky could be prepared. That minute of mine was received in the Department on the 17th, and that evening I said at Barry: 'When Labour came into office Russia was regarded as an outlaw State, not because we were wise, but because we were foolish, and from that there began a hostile propaganda that spread into India, into Egypt, and into Africa. There is not a single person who can now sit at the Foreign Office without finding out the folly of the policy we pursued with reference to Russia before Labour came into office. We make a present to you of a Russia beginning to understand us and to co-operate with us.' On the 21st the draft—the trial draft—was sent to me at Aberavon for my observations. I was away in Bristol, where I said: 'But how the Tories and the Liberals

ought to thank God for Russian Bolshevism! There is no bogey like it, and how can they live without bogeyism? A bogey is essential to the existence of reaction in the country. There it is, ready made, and they are making the most of it.' On the morning of the 24th I looked at the draft and knocked it into smithereens, and wrote something with my own hand which I wanted to see back again, and therefore did not initial. Instead of sending this back to me, in a fair copy for my signature, as I naturally expected, having previously minuted publicity, they sent it out themselves on the night of the 24th to the newspapers."

At this point there were loud cries of "Shame" and "Dirty work" from the assembled Ministers.

"Oh, I make no complaint," went on Mr. MacDonald; "you know what a stickler I am for the etiquette which says that a Minister should always defend his Department. Provided that I can make people think that my officials let me down, I make no complaint at all. Besides, that is not the whole story—"

"I thought not," murmured Mr. Snowden, grimly.)

"I am the most innocent man of the whole lot of you—"

"Well, I do call that a bit thick," expostulated Mr. Henderson.)

"I am going to probe this thing right down to the roots. As soon as I go back to London it is going to be my first job to find out how this thing originated, who was behind it, and the whole story, and you will get it."

"I hope we shall," said Mr. Clynes.)

"All I say is this: so far as I know, the letter might have originated anywhere. The staff of the Foreign Office up to the end of the week thought it was authentic, honestly believed it was authentic—"

"But do you believe it is authentic?" asked Mr. Thomas.

"Yes, I expect it is," replied Mr. MacDonald; "they are not fools at the Foreign Office, and Bolshevik denials are worth absolutely nothing. I certainly shouldn't have drafted that letter to Rakovsky if I hadn't thought the other thing genuine."

"Anyway, the Foreign Office, by publishing it on Friday, let you down," interjected Mr. Wheatley.

"I am not so sure of that," said Mr. MacDonald; "you see the 'Daily Mail' had got hold of a copy of the Red letter and was going to publish it on Saturday, and it was really very smart of the F.O. to get it out first."

"But what line are we to take in the constituencies?" asked Mr. Clynes anxiously. "Must we admit that the document is genuine and throw the Russian Treaties overboard?"

"I do not admit that it is genuine," was the cautious reply. "It is always possible, however improbable, that the F.O. may have been deceived. I shall say perfectly frankly that the document may be genuine or that it may be a forgery, and that I have my suspicions. I shall say that if it turns out to be genuine, then the whole thing has been handled in a most business-like way; that if the F.O. had been in the hands of the Tories or Liberals the letter would have taken weeks to go through the various sieves through which it had to go; and that rapidity of action, a determination on the part of the Government to stand no nonsense, if there is any nonsense, is a conspicuous example of the new way in which foreign affairs are being conducted. But I shall say that it may turn out to be a forgery, that I have not seen the evidence yet, and that it is a most suspicious circumstance that a certain newspaper and the headquarters of the Conservative Association seem to have had copies of it at the same time as the F.O., and that if that is true how can I, a simple-minded, honest person who puts two and two together, avoid the suspicion—I will not say the conclusion—that the whole thing is a political plot?"

"You mean," said Mr. Snowden, quietly, "that you will leave it to be inferred that you think the thing is probably a forgery, and that the F.O. has played a

dirty trick on you. But have you thought of this? Rakovsky has demanded adequate apologies, and I don't know what. Won't it be awkward to reply to him, if we go about suggesting that Bolshevik denials are to be preferred to the evidence in the possession of the Foreign Office?"

"I tell you that I have not seen the evidence yet," replied Mr. MacDonald hotly. "I am merely suspending judgment, as an honest man is bound to do, until the Election is over. When it is over, I shall not lose a moment in calling for the evidence, and if it satisfies me—and I must necessarily be guided on the matter by the opinions of my experts—you can depend on me to deal with Rakovsky's impudent letter as it deserves."

\* \* \* \* \*

At this point a change came over the spirit of my dream; the features which I had recognized as those of Mr. MacDonald began to change, and I seemed to hear the voice of Mr. Asquith, as the responsible Minister defending the transaction. "Let me say at once," he began, in incisive tones, "that if any mistake has been made, I am fully responsible. I myself revised the British note, and expressly authorized its publication. The idea that the Foreign Office has been duped and that the document is a forgery, resting as it does on no other evidence than Communist denials, is a grotesque supposition, to which no one who knows the caution and the responsibility with which our Departments proceed in such matters will give a moment's credence."

PETER IBBETSON.

## STICKING IT.

By A CHEERED COUNTRYMAN.

"For three centuries Liberalism has carried through to the end any task it has set itself, and when we say we are going to emancipate the land, we are going to do it."—*Mr. Lloyd George the week before the Election.*

H EAVEN forbid that I, a countryman, who am as a child in such a high matter, should presume to instruct the "great, wise, and eminent" of our party in the proper conduct of a party campaign. But if the Land be under consideration, a voice from the Shires, however humble, may be heard with some advantage.

I may be altogether wrong—the sources of information open to us in the depths of the country concerning public affairs are limited—but, on the facts within my knowledge, I am inclined to think that if less had been heard from Liberal platforms and Liberal papers about MacDonald and more about the Land, it might have gone better with us in the country constituencies. From what we see of the Labour men in the countryside, they seem to be moving in very much the same direction as we are. In our villages and market towns they number among them devoted, intelligent, studious, and earnest workers for the amelioration of the worker's lot. They are bone of Liberalism's bone and flesh of its flesh. We are able to walk, clean-shod, on the pavement most of the distance that has to be covered; they are, as often as not, trudging along in the mud of the road, not always therefore in the sweetest of tempers. But we are both of us resolved on the deliverance of the same folk after very much the same fashion.

And the Land was our big Liberal asset. It was, as commercial travellers would say, the new line of goods which we had the good fortune to have in our sample case to introduce to the country.

In an earlier incarnation I have done too much blue pencilling and scissoring down of other people's



speeches to be at all keen on making speeches of my own. But the considered and well-documented plan of saving what is left of the countryside by getting the land of Britain upon a basis of Cultivating Ownership has drawn me to the platform; and in three days, a little surprised at myself, I have said my say before nine country audiences. Set forth with conviction and in the simplest terms, I have found the Land Policy almost devastatingly convincing. I spoke first of all in the crowded town hall of a market town. There was frequent applause, and only one question, and it was acceptably answered. My next audience was in a hamlet, where there happened to be a large schoolroom equal to accommodating all who wished to come to the meeting from some miles round. The room was quite full. A farmer a little testily questioned the candidate on some points of his address. I outlined the whole Land Policy, and no one interrupted or asked anything; and again and again there was hand-clapping and stamping. I began to say that I was not there to make a party speech. I was there warmly to support an agriculturist with whose views on solving the land problem I was in warm sympathy.

If I write down something of what I said, you will pardon me. I do it in order that the nature of the rural response to the Land Policy may be understood in London. I said that we were sick of a great deal of the party talk we heard in the shires. I stood up to speak as a countryman to countrymen. There was something that needed doing in the country, and we wanted it done. The state of things on the land, and in so many of our villages, was gnawing at our hearts. Our deepest feelings as patriots, not our Union-Jack-waving and God-Save-the-King-singing feelings, but our feelings of attachment to the land we had been born on, were touched. Our under-farmed fields, our discouraged farmers and ill-used labourers, our cottages a disgrace to our civilization, our men who sweated in summer and shivered in winter on the land, with nothing to look forward to at the end of their lives for all their skill and devoted work; the best of our young fellows, on whose strength, grit, and intelligence an agriculture, to be worth anything, must depend, sent away against their wills to the towns: such a state of things was intolerable at this period of world enlightenment. It had got to end.

How had a backward condition of things in the rural districts ended in other countries? Which were the countries to which we might fairly go in the hope of learning something to our advantage in this matter? How should we judge which countries were agriculturally well developed? Surely a very fair test to be going on with was whether these countries got enough out of their land to be able to export agricultural produce. Which countries' produce were we often eating in this country? We consumed butter, eggs, and bacon from our nearest neighbours, Ireland, Holland, and Denmark. Now what was the first thing that struck us in Ireland, an Ireland that, in agricultural co-operation, left England and Wales and Scotland years behind? Surely that so many of the landlords had been bought out? In Holland, the agriculturally well-developed Holland, the first agricultural country we came to on steaming out of the Thames, half the landlords had gone. In Denmark, where the farmers, like the Dutch farmers, are in some degree our farmers' blood relations, not more than one landlord in a hundred remained. And both Holland and Denmark were Free Trade countries, in as far as agricultural produce was concerned.

At the last election one Dr. Baldwin (as I noted in this place last week) had prescribed a Protection sleeping

draught and a pound-an-acre pill. And now he prescribed a Conference. A Conference of all parties was an excellent ideal. But it was little use calling a Conference if you had nothing practical to submit to it. Was Protection going to be submitted? Protection might be a good or a bad thing, but the farmers had about as much chance of getting it as of getting the moon. Glasgow and Manchester and London and all the other big cities were not going to give up their claim to cheap food in order to please farmers, of whom they knew about as much as the people who drew most of the funny farmer pictures in "Punch." And that was the end of it. The urban centres of population had voted Protection down at the last Election, as every well-informed person had told farmers they would. Were the cities likely, having rejected Protection, to agree to a Pound an Acre? They were not. What else remained? Why, of course, the Policy, tried out by our agriculturally well-developed neighbours, of getting the fields of Britain into the hands of the men who cultivate them, for the benefit of the men, masters and labourers, who cultivate them, and for the benefit of the nation.

And then I said what a high level so much of our farming reached—ask a Dutch or Danish agriculturist who had been in this country—and what fine stuff our labourers were bred out of! In spite of their miserable reward and their shamefully out-of-date cottages—had not every cottage in my own hamlet been reported against?—the labourers were workers not to be bettered in any country, if they only had the chances that some foreign agricultural workers got. But in our country it was once a labourer always a labourer.

And I set out the Policy, not forgetting to say to an audience in which there were men who remembered Joseph Arch, that good wages were not obtainable from the Legislature alone. The men had to do their part. I was in a trade union—twice my Authors' Society had turned out a publisher's pockets for me—and only the other night I had heard the chairman of the National Farmers' Union boasting that it was "one of the strongest trade unions in England." What was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander. (Surprisingly loud applause, under the eyes of two farmers, with whom, I had been assured, "men might get wrong" if they joined the union.) I added that during the week in which I had taken to the platform for the Land Policy I had written to tell the agent of the National Union of Land Workers for our region that I would gladly take the chair for him and give him a bed if he could form a branch in my hamlet.

Well, there it is. One must get on with turning over the land and spreading manure and getting beans in and the hedges laid, and the young quicks planted, and keep a look-out to see that the ducks are beginning to lay steadily. We cannot spare much time for politics. In a literal sense, we must cultivate our garden. And we haven't much time for reading, and easily doze by the fire after a day in the open. Mr. Acland's excellent notion of a wireless for every village will give us even less time for reading, perhaps. It is so much more convincing to hear someone talking over the wireless about what he believes or knows than to make one's own solitary way down the pages of cold print either in the papers or a book.

But as we sit together, and as, during the daylight, we do our day's work, we talk of this Land Plan, and say just what we think. And the thought I have heard most so far is more or less this: "It sounds fine, the big thing of our time, I warrant. But are they going to do something really? And if so, when are they beginning?"

## A QUESTION OF EAST AND WEST.

INTERNATIONAL Government is so essential a part of the everyday life of the twentieth century that it cannot be interrupted, though half the great nations are absorbed in General Elections. The Council of the League must meet; the World Conference called by the League to discuss the suppression of the opium evil is to meet at Geneva on the first Monday in November. The results of this Conference are likely to be so important that it cannot be left to the technical experts and the little band of anti-opium reformers.

The issue at stake is simple. Since 1912, when the Hague Opium Conference adopted a Convention intended sooner or later to restrict the use of opium to medical and scientific requirements, the world has undergone such upheavals that illegitimate uses both of raw opium and of prepared drugs have increased, rather than decreased. Since the war the League of Nations has had assigned to it the duty of dealing with the matter, and its opium committee has worked hard to make the Convention of 1912 effective. Several countries which had not already done so have ratified the Convention, and the members of the League have adopted a system of import and export certificates for legitimate trade, in order to facilitate the duties of the police in checking smuggling. A number of clever captures of smuggled opium have been made all over the world, and the smugglers severely punished. But the profits that can be made are so enormous that the drug trade still flourishes. And certain Eastern Governments derive so much of their revenue from the growth and sale of opium that they are reluctant to forgo so profitable a traffic.

This is really the heart of the difficulty. And the question to be faced at Geneva, therefore, is this: Can the Convention of 1912 be so amended as to lead to a decrease of opium production, or not?

The decrease of opium production seems to be such an obvious cure for the evil that the arguments against it need to be carefully considered. They must surely be weighty, or so obvious an expedient would have been adopted long ago. Apart from the interest of individuals and Governments, the chief objection seems to be founded on a conception of individual liberty. Decrease of production of opium looks to certain individualists too much like making people good by Act of Parliament. So long as people are foolish enough to want opium, it is said, they must be allowed a supply—not, indeed, an unlimited supply, but at any rate a certain amount. The only cure for such vicious tastes is the gradual education of men in self-discipline. If you take away their opium they will find something else to satisfy their base cravings.

This argument cannot be dismissed as sheer nonsense, but if reference be made to the facts it seems to be clear that it is far less than half the truth. Take the case of China: the Chinese people do not seem to have been opium addicts to any great extent until the nineteenth century, when quantities of opium were forced upon them by a foreign country (Great Britain) after a war. Then the vice spread so rapidly that at last the Chinese nation was faced with impending complete moral degradation. With the energy of despair the people rose up and destroyed the vice before it was too late; but Government action was needed, as well as popular enthusiasm. The two processes went together.

A few years later China fell into such anarchy that the military governors, in defiance of the Peking Government, forced the people of certain provinces to grow quantities of opium again, as a quick way of raising money to pay their soldiers. This state of affairs still

continues. Consequently some sections of the Chinese population are again being demoralized, whilst other parts continue practically free from the vice. It would be ridiculous to pretend that the people who inhabit the opium-growing provinces have a weaker natural morality than the inhabitants of other parts of China.

The same lesson can be drawn from India. Apologists of the Indian Government's opium policy claim that Indians know just how much opium they can safely take, and that they do not become a prey to the habit. Recent investigations show that this is untrue for any part of India; public opinion is at present strong enough to check any widespread opium-smoking; but opium-eating can and does destroy both physical health and moral control. And it is impossible to tell how long public opinion may be strong enough to prevent worse addiction, so long as the temptation is present. In Assam the havoc wrought by opium in recent years has been so appalling that the Provincial Government has had to take action; but it is not yet certain whether its action is sufficiently drastic to be effective.

The fact is, of course, that, even in the case of a normally strong-willed and well-disciplined man, slight doses of opium, if taken persistently, begin to undermine the will, until nothing but outside compulsion can prevent the steady decline into hopeless addiction.

China, India, Persia, Turkey all produce more opium than the world can possibly need for medical and scientific purposes. Chinese opium is not exported, and there is reasonable ground for thinking that the crops will be destroyed again as soon as settled government is restored. Persia and Turkey must be prevailed upon by the League Conference to reduce their output; but they certainly will not do anything until the Government of India changes its policy. As for the Indian supplies of opium, a good deal is consumed in India, to the detriment of the consumers, and large amounts are exported to other Far Eastern countries, including British Crown Colonies, which, under the certificate system, permit the import of far more than is needed for legitimate purposes.

If the Indian production were immediately decreased to a quarter of its present amount the world would be the better for it, and no one would suffer except the Indian Exchequer. But the demand which the American and British and other representatives at Geneva are expected to make of the Indian Government is more moderate than that. A 10 per cent. annual reduction is suggested. This would give the Indian Government time to organize a proper medical service for the country, and to improve factory conditions so that mothers will no longer have to dope their babies daily in order to keep them quiet; over 90 per cent. of the women in many Bombay factories do this at present.

But the Government of India may still reply that at such a time of political crisis as this it cannot afford to let go the opium revenue. The answer is that if it would accept this reform, its political difficulties would be materially diminished. The political leaders of Swaraj may be indifferent to the opium question. Mahatma Gandhi at least is not. One of his four great demands is that the Government shall give up what he holds to be an immoral form of revenue. He has recently obtained the support of the Committee of the National Congress for this demand. Estimates of the influence of Mahatma Gandhi may vary. His political influence in India may at the moment seem to be small; but in the opinion of the present writer, at least his moral ascendancy is probably as great as ever. About three years ago his appeal to the people of Assam led to a 40 per cent. reduction in opium consumption there. Those who realize that his aims are moral and spiritual,



not political, can confidently predict that if the Indian Government accepted the principle of a 10 per cent. annual reduction of opium output, Mahatma Gandhi would immediately respond with the fullest generosity. The political leaders might not like it, but the people of India would not be deaf to such an appeal, if they saw that the Government had changed its policy. Many men of the East believe that material and financial considerations are habitually allowed to outweigh moral considerations by the peoples of the West. The attitude of the Government of India to the opium question since 1840 has given support to that belief. If Indians and English are to find a *modus vivendi* for the future, the instructions that Lord Reading and the India Office give to Mr. John Campbell, as their representative at Geneva next week, should be radically different from those he has had hitherto.

H. G. A.

## LIFE AND POLITICS

WHEN these lines appear the election will be over and the result known. Writing as the polling proceeds, the only question in my mind is whether the Conservatives will enter the House with a majority of the Assembly or in dependence on the Liberals. The official expectation at the Conservative headquarters was that there would be not merely a majority, but a handsome majority, the probable dimensions of the party being put as high as 360. It is difficult to say what the dominant issue was, for the cross currents were so confusing and the struggle was so hurried that the combatants rarely seemed to meet on a common battlefield. Where the Liberal and Conservative candidates were at grips the controversy became almost monopolized by the fiscal question. Where the Liberal or the Conservative found his most dangerous opponent in the Labour candidate discussion turned chiefly upon the Russian Treaty and Socialism. The Campbell case, which was the immediate cause of the election, almost completely vanished from the scene. So far as the spirit of the meetings was concerned there can be no doubt that Labour led the way. The enthusiasm was that of a revival movement, and any stranger judging the prospects by public demonstrations would have come to the conclusion that Labour was winning hands down. The Liberal meetings were also extraordinarily enthusiastic. If the party is moribund, as its opponents on both flanks say, it is dying with astonishing vigour and with a very evident assurance of resurrection.

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The influence of the Zinoviev letter upon the election is hard to estimate. In other times such a well-timed bomb-shell would have decided the event, but my own impression is that, though it may have helped the Conservatives and injured the Liberals, it did not seriously affect Labour. There was enough mystery about the affair, especially the mystery of its communication to the "Daily Mail," to give colour to the suspicion that it was a "plot"; but even without this the effect would have been slight. The temper of the party is that of a new Church which has emerged from the catacombs with an astonishing vision and is insensible to the normal secular considerations that govern opinion. The idolatry of Mr. MacDonald among his followers in the country—in spite of what may have happened in his own division owing to unemployment in the pits—has reached a point at which reason and criticism cease to function, and I can hardly conceive any revelation of incompetence

or even misdemeanour that would discredit him with them. Mr. Lloyd George at his zenith, and in a war atmosphere, hardly aroused such fervid emotion. I do not think this unhealthy hero-worship is much relished by some of his colleagues. I asked one of them what the attitude of the party in the country to their leader was. "Uncritical enthusiasm," he said, with an inflection that was itself a sufficient criticism.

\* \* \*

I find opinion about equally divided between the view that the Zinoviev letter is a forgery and the view that it is genuine, with the scales inclining perhaps to the former belief. But there is no difference of opinion in regard to the deplorable handling of the matter by Mr. MacDonald. I understand the Foreign Office were technically within their jurisdiction in sending the letter demanding an explanation, and in publishing it, but, technicalities apart, there is no doubt that customary procedure required that the revised document should have been seen by the Foreign Minister and endorsed by him. There is an unpleasant suggestion about the affair of a determination to force the hand of the Government in the matter, and this aspect of the matter ought not to be allowed to escape attention. Unfortunately, Mr. MacDonald himself has done his best to turn what should be a subject of cold inquiry into heated party controversy. His accusation against the staff at the Foreign Office may be true, but that it ought not to have been made by him, and made in such terms and in such circumstances, hardly admits of question. It is the more remarkable in view of the fact that Mr. MacDonald's relations with the Foreign Office staff had been exceptionally amicable, and it was understood that from the official point of view he was the most popular Foreign Secretary that has filled the office for a long time. Perhaps it was this very relationship which led the Foreign Office to plunge, as Mr. MacDonald suggests, ahead of the band.

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But, however this may be, Mr. MacDonald's own part in the affair cannot be condoned. If he was not satisfied of the authenticity of the Zinoviev letter he should have insisted on that aspect of the matter being cleared up first. But he acted almost as though the idea that it was authentic was beyond doubt, and two days later denounced the whole thing as "a plot." Either view may be right, but the Foreign Secretary cannot act as though he held both, equally confidently, at the interval of a few hours. Much may be conceded to a man in his position; but the impression his proceeding gives is that his first view was to accept the letter at its face value and to make a demonstration which would cut the claws of his opponents in the matter, and that he then decided that the wiser strategy was to denounce the whole affair as a plot. In short, throughout the business he acted not in the spirit of a Foreign Minister, dealing with a grave matter, but in the spirit of a party leader engaged in electoral calculations. In the end he did not get the best out of either theory, but the worst of both.

\* \* \*

Election forecasts are out of date, but there is one which is worth recalling in the light of whatever the result may be. I hear that at the beginning of the week Mr. Sidney Webb committed himself to the following anticipation:—

Conservatives ...	...	...	355
Labour ...	...	...	200
Liberals ...	...	...	60

\* \* \*

The review in last week's issue of THE NATION of Mr. St. Loe Strachey's new book does me and, incident-

ally, Mr. Strachey, a little injustice. I have no recollection of ever having referred to Mr. Strachey as "a whited sepulchre." The passage to which the writer refers is presumably this:—

"If you turn out of the Strand into Wellington Street, you can hardly fail to notice a certain house which is painted white. There are many houses which are painted white, but the white of this house is more white than the whiteness of any other house. It is like a house dressed in a surplice—a house that stands in conscious rebuke of a naughty world, wearing the white paint of a blameless life. The impression will be deepened when you read the legend inscribed in modest characters across the house front, 'The Spectator,' and realize that over the threshold Mr. St. Loe Strachey passes daily to the contemplation of the wickedness and folly of men."

I do not think this can be telescoped into "a whited sepulchre" as that phrase is understood. I certainly did not intend to convey that view of my subject, with whose opinions I have often disagreed, but whose character, both as a man and a journalist, I have always respected.

A. G. G.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### THE DAWES SCHEME.

SIR,—Mr. Keynes is not the first person to suggest that the Experts themselves have little confidence in the workability of their own scheme. A little support for this view may be found in an interview which Sir Josiah Stamp gave to the "Westminster Gazette" of October 6th, 1922. Most of the relevant passages are too long to quote here; but, speaking of the repayment of the British debt to U.S.A., Sir Josiah said that America "would probably find that the game was not worth the candle." Further, he spoke of "formidable competition with us in foreign markets," which would arise even if Germany paid reparations out of foreign investments, as suggested by Mr. McKenna on October 4th, 1922.

Yet we may presume that Sir Josiah Stamp concurs with the other experts in the view, which they appear to indicate, that not payment, but non-payment of reparations would stimulate Germany to "formidable competition." The argument is as follows. The Allies are paying taxes to the limit of their capacity. The German scheme of taxation must be "fully as heavy proportionately" as that of any of the Allies. "Less than this would relieve Germany from the common hardship and give her an unfair advantage in the industrial competition of the future. This principle the plan embodies."

What the Experts have in mind is that: (1) From the standpoint of the tax system, inflation has cancelled Germany's internal debt; (2) From the standpoint of industrial competition, inflation has relieved industry, trade, and transport of heavy prior charges due to debts and mortgages.

At first sight the equity and economic validity of the principle enunciated by the Experts seem unquestionable. But how is the principle to be interpreted? Does it imply that Germany is in a position, while the Allies are not, to export without return on the scale indicated in the Dawes scheme? If so, Germany would seem to have benefited from the results of inflation. On this principle, would not the Allies, by inflating their currencies, be placed in a better position to discharge their external debts? And does not ability to discharge an external debt imply greater national prosperity than inability to do so? Let this be granted, and it would seem to follow that inflation increases national prosperity. This appears to be a *reductio ad absurdum*.

The Experts recognize, of course, that, as an offset to the relief to industry and the Exchequer, inflation has severely hit some sections of the community. But they point out that another consequence has been that the wealthy classes have escaped real taxation. After deducting a minimum subsistence allowance they proceed to estimate *per capita* charge

of taxation in relation to *per capita* income, with a view to making the burden equal to that in Allied countries.

But none of this explains away the paradox. If England, France, and Germany are taxed proportionately to the same extent, how can Germany afford to discharge an external debt of 2,500 million gold marks annually, while the Allies cannot find any such surplus available for export without equivalent return? Lack of space prevents me from discussing the problem further. I will merely make a few suggestions. First: inflation has enabled a group of German capitalists to rob the worker, the fixed-income class, and the houseowner. Ideal justice requires a severe capital levy on the former, the proceeds to be used for the benefit of the latter. But even if Reparations are cancelled, no one imagines that the predominantly capitalist Government of Germany will redress matters in this way. If Reparations are cancelled the rich classes will escape with the loot. The Dawes plan may force them to disgorge part of it for the benefit of the Allies. This consideration may go some way to justify the Dawes plan. But that does not justify the claim of the experts that their proposals imply no greater burden on Germany than is implied in the "doctrine of commensurate burden."—Yours, &c.,

Cambridge.

E. F. PENROSE.

October 5th, 1924.

### ALCOHOL AND MORTALITY.

SIR,—Professor Pearl's corrected research ("British Medical Journal," May 31st), apart from being "small" and "irregular" (as the Medical Research Committee say), is too unsatisfactory in other ways to sustain Dr. Haldane's contention that it "proves that moderate drinkers, that is to say, persons who take alcoholic beverages, but have never been known to get drunk, live longer than abstainers." For a really scientific research a very long period of years would be needed in the first place. And homogeneity of experimental and control material would also be essential; whereas the city of Baltimore has a population so mixed that researchers "speaking a variety of foreign languages" had to be employed. It is clear that the inclusion of an undue proportion of Jews, for example—men who, whilst rarely actually abstinent, are very small drinkers—would vitiate the result. There is no space for further criticism beyond the mention of the outstanding fact that the mental temperature of any large American city, when any question bearing upon prohibition comes up, is too high to-day to allow of really objective research. Pearl's results can have little weight.

Dr. Haldane further claims that "the majority of animal experiments show that [chronic slight alcoholism] leads to longer life and healthier, though sometimes fewer, offspring." Is it possible that Dr. Haldane refers to Stockard's experiments under the head of chronic slight alcoholism? Stockard has never, I think, estimated the amount of alcohol inspired during an hour's fuming, but, judging from their effect upon offspring, the six fumings per week for months, causing drunkenness each time, cannot be called slight alcoholism. Dr. Haldane, who attaches (an unscientific) value to drunkenness as a sign of damage by alcohol, should be the last to say that an animal that is drunk six times a week is subjected to only slight alcoholism. Professor Stockard's method is admirable for his own most important research, but he is very careful to warn against hasty deductions from his experiments on animals. For fuming does not seem to injure at all obviously the animal fumed. Dr. Stockard showed me a guinea-pig that had been fumed for six months, without any outward sign of harm. But it seems probable that ingested alcohol, which remains long unaltered in the body, so devitalizes the digestive lining that it filters out imperfectly harmful germs and allows them to enter the system, and that this injures the drinker most. Fuming, on the other hand, spares the individual, but greatly harms its offspring. And under this severe alcoholization, as Stockard shows, we do often get descendants "fewer, but stronger." Heavy alcoholization creates great pre-natal and post-natal mortality in descending generations, and the strong alone survive. The average strength of these survivors may well be greater than that of the undecimated offspring of non-alcoholized parents. But the question at issue was as to the effect of chronic, but slight, alcoholization. Under this head the great researches of



Professor Laitinen hold the field. He finds (Proceedings of Twelfth International Congress on Alcoholism) that "the number of the young of those animals that received alcohol [in his experimental studies with doses never exceeding .3 of a ccm. per kilo. of the animal] was somewhat larger, but that such young were much weaker than the young of animals not treated with alcohol." I venture to think that the "moderate steady drinker" can glean small encouragement as yet from alcohol research.—Yours, &c.,

THEODORE NEILD.

Grange Court, Leominster.

#### THE GOLDEN AGE.

SIR,—As Mr. Graves, without meaning to be serious and innocent of any intention but to score a smart point, happens by accident to have asked me a question which really does go to the bottom of the controversy as to the inherent pacifism of primitive communities, I crave your permission to answer his question as though it really *was* serious, and not a mere flourish in Mr. Graves's famous pose of the naughty fourth-form schoolboy who will never grow up.

The question he asks is—What is a genuine primitive? A genuine primitive is a member of a tribe who do not till the soil, nor build in stone or brick, nor value metals, nor polish their implements of stone, nor domesticate animals nor practise totemism. But the real dividing line between the savage and the primitive is the practice of agriculture. The Australians, for instance, are totemists on an elaborate scale, but have not learned agriculture, so that they have been partially influenced by contact with an ancient civilization without losing the correct title of "primitive." The "genuine primitive" has had no contact with civilization; the savage was at one time in contact with civilization, but has lost or forgotten, or retained in a degraded form, the arts and crafts it taught him. There is a vital and essential difference between them. The one represents deterioration, the other stabilization of culture.

In Borneo and Sumatra, in Ceylon, among the Siberian steppes, on the east coast of Greenland, and in other remote corners of the world, there do exist tribes to this day to whom the term "primitive" may be scientifically applied. In spite of the extremes of difference in climate and physiological conditions, in spite of the utmost variety in racial type, language, and physical characteristics, these tribes are all psychologically akin in their cultural habits and the peaceableness of their lives. A digest of their habits has been given by Mr. W. J. Perry in the 1917 volume of the "Hibbert Journal." "The mode of behaviour is such as we look upon as the highest that can be desired. There is complete harmony, absence of violence or cruelty, complete communism and mutual help. . . . Authority does not exist, and decisions are taken by mutual consent."

We may leave Mr. Graves in his class-room. But I would like to ask any of your readers, in the first place, whether these data are controvertible, and, in the second, whether one is or is not justified in regarding these hunting tribes as culturally representative of Palæolithic man from the Aurignacian period to the close of the Old Stone Age. That is all we ask—to have this momentous subject properly aerated and discussed.—Yours, &c.,

September 27th, 1924.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

[Mr. Graves replies:—

"Mr. Massingham's savagery, i.e., deterioration from ancient civilized manners, *noted*. *Noted*, however, that he has not yet learned how to polish his stone-hammer.

"*Memorandum*: To speak of 'the pacifism inherent in primitive communities' is not to discuss the natural pacifism of Man. These communities to which we are referred come comparatively late in the long history of man, and their culture is no more and no less natural to him than those that have appeared since, or must be assumed to have gone before.

"*Query*: Do these highly gaseous problems of ethnology need re-aerating? I appeal to a carminative common sense."

#### THE ENGLISH NOVEL.

SIR,—I am delighted that my book should be condemned by Mr. Muir, a critic who thinks that Dickens can serve no better purpose than to "amuse a generation or two still."

I could not have hoped for a completer justification. But Mr. Muir should not allow himself to be misled, by his obviously genuine inability to grasp my argument, into the definitely false suggestion that the argument does not exist. Incidentally, when he says that in making my contrast of method between the old and the new I ignore Mr. Joyce's Bloom, and again when he says that I ignore the possibility of difference of aim, he is saying what is simply and flatly not the case.—Yours, &c.,

October 21st, 1924.

GERALD GOULD.

[Mr. Edwin Muir writes: "I do not deny that Mr. Gould has an argument. I merely think it is a bad one, and if that convinces Mr. Gould of my 'obviously genuine inability to grasp' it, he is entitled to say so. As for the passage in his book in which he implied that contemporary novelists cannot paint life in the round, I quoted part of it, pointing out that it contained a generalization which ignored Mr. Joyce's Bloom. In saying that I was saying what was simply and flatly the case. Mr. Gould does devote several pages to Mr. Joyce in another part of the book; I never denied that he did. My charge against Mr. Gould's own comments was that they had not the exactitude of criticisms."]

#### AN ADVANCED GRANDMOTHER.

SIR,—In referring to the exhibition organized by the Magnasco Society at Messrs. Agnew's, "Omicron" suggests that Guido Reni and Carlo Dolci were "the artistic idols of our grandmothers."

It may be that mine was an Advanced Grandmother, but certain it is that she was born with the word "Giotto" on her lips; and it was seldom off them in later life.

With regard to G. B. Tiepolo, to pronounce on his work it is necessary to have a knowledge of his masterpieces in Venice, Würzburg, and Madrid, as well as an acquaintance with his smaller works in Vicenza, Munich, and Stockholm.

Has "Omicron" this knowledge, or is he still in revolt against his Grannie?

"Omicron" further lays it down that there were no great artists in the Italy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Are we, then, definitely to understand that the Carracci, Caravaggio, Guido Reni, and others are not great masters; or are we to await the reversal of this decision by "Omicron's" granddaughter?—Yours, &c.,

OSBERT SITWELL.

Marlborough Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

#### JOINT INDUSTRIAL COUNCILS AND COMPULSION.

SIR,—It was disappointing that Mr. Cleghorn Thomson's letter in your issue of September 20th on the subject of Joint Industrial Councils and Compulsion should have elicited no reply.

These Councils are an integral part of the Liberal Industrial programme, and the question whether they should be given statutory powers to enforce their decisions is of great importance, and calls for the closest examination and discussion. Mr. Thomson describes the principle of compulsion as vicious. Why? Surely compulsion is not vicious when it is only used to restrict men's freedom to undercut wages and lower the conditions obtaining in an industry. Would Mr. Thomson suggest that the principle of compulsion in the Trade Boards Act was vicious? Surely the main object of Joint Industrial Councils is to arrive by mutual agreement between the representatives of both Capital and Labour at certain minima standards of wages and conditions. Without the power to enforce these decisions a recalcitrant minority would be able entirely to nullify them. I believe this is now taking place in the Printing Trade, where firms who refuse to conform to the agreements of their Industrial Council are imperilling its decisions by paying a considerably lower scale of wages than that agreed upon. Unless Joint Industrial Councils have the power to enforce their decisions throughout their industry, they will have no real function and will peter out. These decisions must, of course, be ratified by some authority upon which the consumer will be represented, and this, I think, is one of the important functions which a National Industrial Council would fulfil.—Yours, &c.,

NEVILLE DIXEY.

## LANDMARKS IN MODERN ART

## I.—THE GREEKS AND THE ROMANS.

By CLIVE BELL.

"**Q**UI nous délivrera des Grecs et des Romains?" Incidentally, the Greeks and Romans were German; but the Romantics, when they cried aloud against the crushing tyranny of the school, did not realize that, nor if they had, would it greatly have strengthened their case—to give a dog that particular bad name not being in those days to hang him. The neo-classical business was begun by Winckelmann in the middle of the eighteenth century. Winckelmann's notion of Greek art was derived mainly from late Roman copies, also it was coloured by the taste of a German archaeologist. Nevertheless, it was to Winckelmann's notion that David was converted; and it was Winckelmann's "beau idéal" which by David through the Convention and Napoleon was imposed on the greater part of Europe. To understand the history of modern painting one has got to understand what that ideal was; partly because in a weak solution it has persisted to this day as the academic conception of classical art, still more because the overbearing brutality with which it was imposed helped to provoke that pugnacious individualism which has been the most conspicuous characteristic of the nineteenth century.

David, like Winckelmann, was a forceful pedant: he was also a very good, though not quite a great, painter. He started as a capable student in the school of Vien; went in 1775 to Rome, and was there converted to neo-classicism; and, at the age of forty-one, endowed as he was with a fair share of envy and malice, threw himself into the revolutionary movement as a red-hot iconoclast. The Bastille, that fortress of political prejudice, had fallen. Was not the Academy the fortress of artistic prejudice? No journalist will be disposed to challenge so helpful an analogy; and by 1793 France was given over to journalists. Jacques Louis David, deputy for Paris, demanded the suppression of the Academy, and became, his moral gesture having realized itself—as gestures had a way of doing in those days—the pope of painting.

That the laws promulgated by David were not very well suited to that art appears no matter for surprise when we consider that they were based on sculpture and politics. Subject should when possible be drawn from classical history or mythology, but, whencesoever drawn, it should be treated as though it were a piece of Græco-Roman sculpture—copying the antique, or plaster casts of the antique, being the highest exercise of creative power: the human form is the only proper study of artists, it should be nude or, at worst, draped heroically, and bounded by a sharp, insensitive line, so as to look, as far as possible, as though it had been cut out of some hard material: the habit of using colours is to be regretted, they should be applied in a flat, metallic, inconspicuous fashion, so as to give a picture, so far as possible, the air of a group of statuary or of a bas-relief: but, as classical sculpture is at its noblest in single figures, the figures in pictures should be kept severely apart (no matter for composition), and design in depth should be reduced to a minimum: lastly, the whole must be calculated to express and promote those moral ideas which are the peculiar joy of free citizens in an enlightened republic.

David was far too much of a painter to practise invariably what he preached. In his portraits especially, which consistency obliged him to treat as mere *parerga*,

he continued throughout life to give proof of admirable painter-like qualities: by his portraits he is most gloriously remembered. It was left to the little Davidians—Abel de Pujol, Blondel, Gautherot,\* &c., &c.—to apply his doctrines unflinchingly and so exacerbate the war which ended in nineteenth-century liberty. For, of his eminent contemporaries, though all came under his sway—how should they have done otherwise when there was but one Emperor, and David was his painter?—it is to be remembered that Prud'hon—who for all his originality was of the school—was by temperament too sensitive and too sentimental to be thoroughly Roman, and Gros too coarse and soldierly to be at all Greek; while Ingres, the greatest of them all, was never a true Davidian. Ingres, who died more than forty years after the founder, though reckoned from about 1830 his successor as chief of the school, was a painter of quite another order. By the exquisite delicacy and expressiveness of his line he joins hands with Raphael rather than with imperial Rome; by taste and intelligence he is of a different world from that in which the citizen David looked big. Only in his doctrine—his narrow and indefatigable insistence on line—his choice of subjects, and his contemptuous maltreatment of colour, does he resemble the sea-green incorruptible of painting. In fact Ingres is not even supposed to have accepted the Davidian dispensation till 1812 at earliest—till after the master's death, in 1825, say some. Previously, in Italy, he had studied attentively fifteenth-century painting, and had been called "gothic" for his pains. In Italy it must have been that he perfected that supreme gift of his—the art of expressing the content of a form, not by little distracting details within the form, but by a single bounding line. Herein he is the direct descendant of the Florentines and of Raphael; herein lies his immense superiority to David. Both Ingres and David have come into fashion during the last twenty-five years with the movement towards abstract art. Both are abstract, but in very different ways. Ingres, like Picasso, empties objects of almost all significance save the purely æsthetic, and constructs works of art out of the intrinsic beauty of forms: David, also, reduces natural objects to abstractions, but with these abstractions he attempts to express ideas—moral ideas. Ingres is plastic, David declamatory; and clearly David never felt sure that Ingres was orthodox. When, in 1816, the old regicide was banished, it was for Gros, not Ingres (who was still in Italy by the way), that he sent. It was Gros he adjured to abandon military subjects (his forte) and keep alive the pure flame by painting exclusively in the high Roman fashion. The faithful Baron heard and trembled, tried, failed, and threw himself into the river.

With decency it can hardly be said that the neo-classical school died before the death of Ingres in 1867; by extreme courtesy it may be presumed to exist still as the basis of the French academic school, in so far as that school can be said to have any basis or can be said to exist even. Its heyday, however, closed with the Empire, as was to be expected. There was always something political about Davidism. David had expressed or had seemed to express, by accident perhaps, the reforming and mildly puritanical fancies which were afloat before '89 and made possible the revolution.

\* Gautherot must have taken the master's injunctions deeply to heart to have exhibited in 1827 a picture entitled "Venus vaccinated by Esculapius."



Under the Republic he set himself deliberately to glorify the democracy, letting it be understood that outside his rule there was no artistic safety—nor much personal for that matter. To the jury of 1793 he added five politicians of unimpeachable sentiments, besides a gardener, a peasant, and a cobbler. He designed a complete democratic outfit—"approprié aux mœurs républicaines et au caractère de la Révolution"—to be substituted by decree for the coat and breeches of slavery. He organized the fête of the Supreme Being and the fête of Regeneration, in which, he says,

"On verra le maire avec son écharpe à côté du bûcheron. . . les intéressants élèves de l'institution des Aveugles, trainés sur un plateau roulant, offriront le spectacle touchant du *malheur honoré*. Vous y serez aussi, tendres nourrissons de la maison des Enfants-Trouvés, portés dans de blanches berceuses; vous commencerez à jouir de vos droits civils trop justement recouvrés."

While—

"... des milliers d'oiseaux, rendus à la liberté, portant à leur col de légères banderoles, prendront leur vol rapide dans les airs et porteront au ciel le témoignage de la liberté rendue à la terre."

But David was not a politician for nothing; and he found it wonderfully easy to transfer his enthusiasm from the Supreme Being and the democracy to the Emperor and the rites of the Church. After all, the Romans were not only republicans, but warriors too. The dictatorship of the proletariat and the personal rule of General Bonaparte came to much the same thing, after all. The pedant, who, noticing that in classical sculpture horses are ridden without bridle or bit, and ignoring the fact that in classical sculpture bridles and bits were made of metal which has perished, proclaimed that henceforth no true artist would condescend to paint such unclassical frippery as the reins of a General's charger, found it quite possible in 1805 to paint in minutest detail the costumes and accoutrements of "Le Sacre." David became the imperial painter. Incidentally, it was he who gave us the Empire style of furniture. That style comes straight out of his "Brutus," for which picture—such were the scruples of "un homme vertueux"—he did not feel justified in inventing the necessary details. He ordered, therefore, Jacob, the cabinet-maker, to execute, after his design, pieces which he supposed to be genuinely antique. These he used as models; and they are, I believe, the origin of "Empire." Wherefore let us be grateful to David; "Empire," cold, silly, and pedantic though it is, being the last original style of furniture and decoration that we in Europe have known.

The period of the Revolution and Empire is about the most barren in the history of French art. Not one of David's lieutenants or rivals, not Prud'hon, nor Gros, nor Girodet, nor Gérard, nor Regnault, can by any stretch of flattery be reckoned a painter of the first class, while Ingres's greatest pictures—most of them, at any rate—were in 1815 still to be painted. There is nothing to surprise us in this when we remember the proscriptions, the emigrations, and the wars; also, both Republic and Empire aimed at a tyranny over the mind and energies of the nation, which were to be directed along State-determined grooves to patriotic ends. Davidism was a State religion, and David an executive officer. His personal influence and prestige alone were generally sufficient to crush any manifestation of individualism; and behind him was a highly organized Government, most willing, as such Governments usually are, to interfere in matters with which Governments are least competent to deal. Whence was liberation to come? From an unlikely quarter. Waterloo, which made possible in the future the liberation of Europe, made immediately possible the emancipation of the French genius. Constable, Scott, and Byron were to turn victory to purposes which would have surprised considerably the Duke of Wellington.

## THE CONGER EEL.

By LIAM O'FLAHERTY.

HE was eight feet long. At the centre of his back he was two feet in circumference. Slipping sinuously along the bottom of the sea at a gigantic pace, his black, mysterious body glistened and twirled like a wisp in a foaming cataract. His little eyes, stationed wide apart in his flat-boned broad skull, searched the ocean for food. He coursed ravenously for miles along the base of the range of cliffs. He searched fruitlessly, except for three baby pollocks which he swallowed in one mouthful without arresting his progress. He was very hungry.

Then he turned by a sharp promontory and entered a cliff-bound harbour where the sea was dark and silent, shaded by the concave cliffs. Savagely he looked ahead into the dark waters. Then instantaneously he flicked his tail, rippling his body like a twisted screw, and shot forward. His long, thin, single whisker, hanging from his lower snout like a label tag, jerked back under his belly. His glassy eyes rested ferociously on minute white spots that scurried about in the sea a long distance ahead. The conger eel had sighted his prey. There was a school of mackerel a mile away.

He came upon them headlong, in a flash. He rose out of the deep from beneath their white bellies, and gripped one mackerel in his wide-open jaws ere his snout met the surface. Then, as if in a swoon, his body went limp, and tumbling over and over, convulsing like a crushed worm, he sank lower and lower until at last he had swallowed the fish. Then immediately he straightened out and flicked his tail, ready to pursue his prey afresh.

The school of mackerel, when the dread monster had appeared among them, were swimming just beneath the surface of the sea. When the eel rushed up they had hurled themselves clean out of the water with the sound of innumerable grains of sand being shaken in an immense sieve. Ten thousand blue and white bodies flashed and shimmered in the sun for three moments, and then they disappeared, leaving a large patch of the dark blue water convulsing turbulently. Ten thousand little fins cut the surface of the sea as the mackerel set off in headlong flight. Their white bellies were no longer visible. They plunged down into the depths of the sea, where their blue-black sides and backs, the colour of the sea, hid them from their enemy. The eel surged about in immense figures of eight, but he had lost them.

Half-hungry, half-satisfied, he roamed about for half-an-hour, a demented giant of the deep, travelling restlessly at an incredible speed. Then at last his little eyes again sighted his prey. Little white spots again hung like faded drops of brine in the sea ahead of him. He rushed thither. He opened his jaws as the spots assumed shape, and they loomed up close to his eyes. But just as he attempted to gobble the nearest one, he felt a savage impact. Then something hard and yet intangible pressed against his head and then down along his back. He leaped and turned somersault. The hard, gripping material completely enveloped him. He was in a net. While on all sides of him mackerel wriggled gasping in the meshes.

The eel paused for two seconds amazed and terrified. Then all around him he saw a web of black strands hanging miraculously in the water, everywhere, while mackerel with heaving gills stood rigid in the web, some with their tails and heads both caught and their bodies curved in an arch, others encompassed many times in the uneven folds, others girdled firmly below

the gills with a single black thread. Glittering, they eddied back and forth with the stream of the sea, a mass of fish being strangled in the deep.

Then the eel began to struggle fiercely to escape. He hurtled hither and thither, swinging his long, slippery body backwards and forwards, ripping with his snout, surging forward suddenly at full speed, churning the water. He ripped and tore the net, cutting great long gashes in it. But the more he cut and ripped the more deeply enmeshed did he become. He did not release himself, but he released some of the mackerel. They fell from the torn meshes, stiff and crippled, downwards, sinking like dead things. Then suddenly one after another they seemed to wake from sleep, shook their tails, and darted away. While the giant eel was gathering coil upon coil of the net about his slippery body. Then at last, exhausted and half-strangled, he lay still, heaving.

Presently he felt himself being hauled up in the net. The net crowded around him more, so that the little gleaming mackerel, imprisoned with him, rubbed his sides and lay soft and flabby against him, all hauled up in the net with him. He lay still. He reached the surface and gasped, but he made no movement. Then he was hauled heavily into a boat, and fell with a thud into the bottom.

The two fishermen in the boat began to curse violently when they saw the monstrous eel that had torn their net and ruined their catch of mackerel. The old man on the oars in the bow called out: "Free him and kill him, the varmint." The young man who was hauling in the net looked in terror at the slippery monster that lay between his feet, with its little eyes looking up cunningly, as if it were human. He almost trembled as he picked up the net and began to undo the coils. "Slash it with your knife," yelled the old man, "before he does more harm." The young man picked up his knife from the gunwale where it was stuck, and cut the net, freeing the eel. The eel, with a sudden and amazing movement, glided up the bottom of the boat, so that he stretched full length.

Then he doubled back, rocking the boat as he beat the sides with his whirling tail, his belly flopping in the water that lay in the bottom. The two men screamed, both crying: "Kill him, or he'll drown us." "Strike him on the nable." They both reached for the short, thick stick that hung from a peg amidships. The young man grabbed it, bent down, and struck at the eel. "Hit him in the nable!" cried the old man; "catch him, catch him, and turn him over."

They both bent down, pawing at the eel, cursing and panting, while the boat rocked ominously and the huge conger eel glided around and around at an amazing speed. Their hands clawed his sides, slipping over them like skates on ice. They gripped him with their knees, they stood on him, they tried to lie on him, but in their confusion they could not catch him.

Then at last the young man lifted him in his arms, holding him in the middle, gripping him as if he were trying to crush him to death. He staggered upwards. "Now strike him on the nable!" he yelled to the old man. But suddenly he staggered backwards. The boat rocked. He dropped the eel with an oath, reaching out with his hands to steady himself. The eel's head fell over the canted gunwale. His snout dipped into the sea. With an immense shiver he glided away, straight down, down to the depths, down like an arrow, until he reached the dark, weed-covered rocks at the bottom.

Then stretching out to his full length he coursed in a wide arc to his enormous lair, far away in the silent depths.

## SCIENCE

### RICKETS AND RADIATION.

By J. B. S. HALDANE.

It is pleasant to be able to chronicle a really great and simple discovery which portends no evil to anyone except dentists, and perhaps cod fishermen. We have apparently learnt how to make one of the vitamins, and the trick is so simple that anyone can do it with an apparatus which is much simpler, and need be no more expensive, than a wireless set. Cod-liver oil had long enjoyed a reputation for preventing and curing rickets in children, and ten years ago it was discovered that certain oils and fats contained a substance, or substances, of which minute traces in the diet were needed for the growth of rats. They have not yet been obtained pure. The experiments of Professor and Mrs. Mellanby at Sheffield showed that, in the absence of a substance found in fat, dogs developed rickets and bad teeth, and the view was generally taken that this substance was needed in the diet to prevent rickets. But students of hygiene pointed out that rickets in children were quite as much associated with darkness as with lack of proper fats in the diet, and evidence accumulated that sunlight would cure rickets as effectively, though not perhaps so quickly, as cod-liver oil. In 1919 Hulschinsky showed that rickets can be cured by exposure of the patient to the invisible ultra-violet rays from a mercury vapour lamp or other suitable source, rays which will pass through quartz, but not glass, thus emphasizing the importance of sun treatment in the open. They would also prevent rickets in rats on a diet whose only source of fat was lard or a vegetable oil. Finally, it was shown that the milk of a cow kept in the dark had less anti-rachitic power than that of one kept in daylight.

There were a few who scoffed either at radiation or at vitamins, but, on the whole, physiologists wavered between two hypotheses, that ultra-violet radiation enabled animals to make the anti-rachitic substance, and that they merely allowed them to economize what they had got from their food. "The Journal of Biological Chemistry" is an American monthly which one generally reads at one's leisure, but I suspect that there was a considerable struggle for the September number when it arrived in certain laboratories in this country. For it included an article by Steenbock and Black, of Wisconsin University, announcing the fact that, by radiating with the rays from a Cooper-Hewitt mercury vapour lamp a ration which otherwise produced rickets in growing rats, they had succeeded in preventing this complaint. As a matter of fact, like many discoveries, it had been made simultaneously by Hess, of Columbia University, N.Y., who confirmed it in a letter to "Science." It is quite likely that European workers have independently arrived at the same result. Indeed, two of the women workers at the Lister Institute of Preventive Medicine in Chelsea had come very near it indeed.

We do not know how the substance acts, but the work of Kugelmass and McQuarrie makes it possible, at least, that it liberates ultra-violet radiation inside the body. For they have made the extraordinary, but not incredible, observation that various substances possessing the property of curing rickets will also fog photographic plates separated from them by a sheet of quartz, though not by a glass sheet. Steenbock is following the example of Banting, the discoverer of insulin, and has applied for a patent for his process to be held by his university, not for profit, but to protect the public against imposture. It is probable that the Medical Research Committee will supervise the process in this country, as they have supervised the manufacture of insulin.

It is difficult to exaggerate the practical importance of the discovery, assuming it to be finally confirmed. Rickets are common enough, but for every rickety child there are probably ten with slight defects of bone and tooth development which can be prevented by an adequate diet. The processes applied to many animal and vegetable fats during their manufacture destroy the anti-rachitic substance, and margarine and lard seldom con-



tain much of it, although one at least of the large firms producing margarine has recently taken steps to remedy the deficiency. But we were certainly not getting enough of it, and it is not improbable that an adequate supply during childhood would add an inch or so to our average stature and eliminate a good half of our dental troubles. Moreover, the success of sunlight and cod-liver oil in the treatment of tuberculosis in children gives us a good hope that an adequate supply of this substance will prove, if not a specific, at least a powerful weapon against that disease.

One of the advantages of the dependence of Britain on imported food is that a public control of the food supply is far more possible than in self-supporting countries. This was clearly shown by the success of our rationing schemes during the war. It is therefore not too much to hope that within a few years every child and every expectant or nursing mother in the country will be assured of an adequate supply of the anti-rachitic substance. This will not mean that we have solved the problem of an adequate vitamin supply. There is probably one other vitamin soluble in fat which is necessary for health, and certainly at least two water-soluble vitamins. But the rapidity with which the problem of the anti-rachitic substance has been solved is of the best possible augury for the future.

Incidentally, the discovery fully justifies the almost indiscriminate endowment of research in America. Hundreds of laboratories are turning out research work, and much of it is thoroughly second-rate, but the problem of nutrition is one in which mass production of research is needed; and an occasional result such as I have chronicled here abundantly compensates us for the flood of papers produced by candidates for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy which overwhelm us in our attempt to keep abreast of the literature of our subject.

Meanwhile, economists will have the pleasure of watching the dawn of a new industry, vitamin manufacture. And young men who had intended to take up dentistry would perhaps be better advised if they devoted themselves to the manufacture of silica lamps.

## THE DRAMA

### SHERIDAN.

Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith: "The Duenna."

By R. B. Sheridan.

THE "Duenna" is the best entertainment that Mr. Playfair has as yet offered us at Hammersmith. True, it has a good many of the faults which marked the production of the "Beggar's Opera" and the "Way of the World." But in this case the faults matter less because the libretto of the "Duenna" has in itself infinitely more wit than that of the "Beggar's Opera," while the particular form of eighteenth-century pastiche which we associate with the Lyric Theatre is less offensive in a purely frivolous work than in a thing of marble beauty like the "Way of the World." The drawbacks were certainly considerable. Mr. Sheringham carries on the bad tradition of Lovat Fraser, adding thereto a *chichi* of his own. His highly artistic drop curtain must be seen to be believed, and many of the sets were to my mind fussy and distasteful. They were imbued also with a *fin de siècle* Japanese flavour very far removed from the *chinoiserie* of Sheridan's time. On the other hand, the costumes were an improvement on those used in the "Way of the World." But a protest should be lodged against the pointless insertion of two page-girls called Lewis and Sancho, dressed in the most moving new art blues and greys, who jig about with two huge keys picked up during the run of the "Beggar's Opera." These two supers are unnecessary, and exasperating in their quaintness; also it is painful to see a serious artist like Miss Lanchester wasted on such silliness. As I can find no mention of these pages either in the original cast or in the edition of Sheridan's plays pub-

lished by Moore in 1821, I can only conceive they have been specially inserted for the occasion; in which case the quicker they are deleted the better. Still, though its faults leap to the eye, the performance as a whole was a very lively one; with a little less trouble it might have been more lively still.

The "Duenna" is perhaps the best of Sheridan's writings. His genteel comedy, which held the stage for a hundred years, not on its own merits but through nineteenth-century prudery, is now revealed in all its native poverty beside the beauty of Congreve and the virility of Wycherley. There is a fundamental frivolity about Sheridan which renders him incapable of good comedy. His morals are bad. "I see the purpose of this comedy," cried the youthful Shelley of the "School for Scandal," "it is to find virtue in bottles and vice in books." The criticism is a just one and points straight at the superficiality of Sheridan's nature. But he had immense verbal felicity and occasionally said something really good, as the description of a Jew in this very play, "the blank page between the Old Testament and the New." The phrase has passed into the language, though the "Duenna" is half forgotten.

Sheridan was an extremely hard-working stage-manager, and in his correspondence we see him keeping his old father-in-law Linley in very good order. He supervises every detail. "I should tell you that Leoni (who played Don Carlos) sings nothing well but in a plaintive or pastoral style, and his voice is such as appears to me always to be hurt by much accompaniment. I have observed, too, that he never gets so much applause as when he makes a cadence. Therefore my idea is that he should make a flourish at 'Shall I grieve thee,' and return to 'Gentle Maid,' and so sing that part of the tune again. After that the two last lines sung by the three, with the persons only varied, may get them off with as much spirit as possible." As a result of all this supervision the opera is extremely successful theatrically, and might have been still more so had Sheridan not found it necessary to check his father-in-law's natural exuberance. "But I would have you know," he writes, "that we are much too chaste in London to admit such strains as your Bath Spring inspires. We dare not propose a peep beyond the ankle on any account; for the critics in the pit at a new play are much greater prudes than the ladies in the boxes." Sheridan had a flair for all his recklessness. Though the date was but 1775, he sniffed a new spirit in the wind, which his father-in-law, revelling at Bath, would never have noticed. So the "Duenna" was hammered painfully into shape, and ran seventy-five nights at Covent Garden. The sudden competition practically finished off Garrick, then in his sixtieth year, and a friend kindly remarked "that the old woman would be the death of the old man." He did his best to keep his end up by reviving old Mrs. Sheridan's "Discovery," and acting the principal part himself. Still the "Duenna" deserved its success at the time, and deserves another success to-day. It might be cut a bit with advantage, especially in the last act, where the *dénouement* is too slow. Some of the business and the fandangoes might go too. They are indicated in the text, but do not add much to our amusement. The comic skit on the Spanish dance by Isaac Mendoza (Mr. Cochrane) was, however, extremely funny. But Mr. Cochrane acted excellently all through, as did Mr. Playfair, the crusty old father. Miss Elsie French was splendid as the Duenna, the young ladies were as melting as they should be, and all the acting was good.

There is a charm in mere out-of-dateness which no one appreciates more gladly than myself. There was a song delightfully sung by Mr. Playfair, one line of which, quite a silly one, lingers in my memory:

"And with nectar crown the night."

Such a line offers last year's savours subtly to our palate. But we must not add to this sort of literary caviare other strong-tasting ingredients. Mr. Playfair would make us even more deeply his debtors if he showed a little more economy in his flavourings. To be old-fashioned and chic at the same moment is well-nigh intolerable.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

## FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA

**M**R. GALSWORDY'S "Old English," at the Haymarket, is a remarkable play. Between certain limits, and if you admit Mr. Galsworthy's views of life and art, it is, I suppose, technically perfect. Every door opens precisely at the right moment, without a click, on the oiliest of hinges. No one ever says a word too much, or one which does not carry you a step forward on the road to Mr. Galsworthy's conclusion. The humour is not too humorous either for stalls or gallery, nor the sentiment too sentimental, nor the pathos too pathetic. For two acts, this was sufficiently interesting and amusing to prevent one becoming critical; one watched Mr. Galsworthy's masterly manipulation of material and mental hinges. But suddenly, in the third act, the whole thing, so far as I was concerned, turned to dust. I cannot admit Mr. Galsworthy's hypotheses. His characters are puppets and live in a world of cardboard and sawdust. All his skill cannot conceal the fact that their sentiments, situations, and humour are made out of the most ancient of theatrical *clichés*. The play has a moral: that if you are absolutely brutal, live to eighty, are a swindler of iron will, drink yourself to death against your doctor's orders, but talk about "Old England," you are worthy of admiration. I was enormously impressed by the acting. Mr. Norman McKinnel was so perfect that he never allowed one to see that what he had to say and do was ridiculous. Miss Irene Rooke and Miss Joan Maude were also admirable, and in fact there was not a weak spot in the whole cast.

"The Show-Off," the American "comedy-drama" at the Queen's Theatre, is chiefly concerned with the character of Aubrey Piper, an intolerable, conceited young dandy, with no perception of the horrifying effect of his behaviour on the members of the more sympathetic middle-class family into which he marries. The play is more successful when it is comedy than when it is "drama"; the second act, for instance, which shows Aubrey's behaviour in relation to a tragedy in his wife's family, becomes almost intolerably painful. This is a bad fault in the writing of the play—or it may be that American audiences have a more robust sense of humour. There are some amusing bits of dialogue—amusing partly on account of the American use of words—but the method of the play is too purely realistic and too little dramatic. One is always waiting for a climax which never comes. There is some good acting, especially on the part of Miss Clara Blandick as the unsentimental old mother; Mr. Raymond Walburn as Aubrey Piper, though accomplished, is too much the mere buffoon.

Dramatists hard up for a plot are going to well-known lawsuits for their material. A little while ago I noticed the "Claimant," which was quite recognizably a rehash of the Tichborne case. Miss Tennyson Jesse and Mr. Harwood have written a melodrama round the Russell divorce, projecting the latter half of the play into the future. I approve of this. No work of art should depend on the plot, and the best writers have treated themes familiar to their audience. Such was the method of the Greek tragedians, who were in this matter followed by Shakespeare and Racine. Congreve regrets his unfortunate position, which prevents him going, like Menander, to other men for his plots. But though it is admirable to take on another man's plot, it is also ambitious, as the audience is free to exercise purely aesthetic judgment on the manner in which the theme is developed, and the language in which the play is clothed. I am compelled to admit that in "The Pelican," at the Ambassadors, the authors show but slight artistic powers.

The dialogue is of a very poor description and the characters uninteresting. The indiscreet wife was played by an American actress of great virtuosity, Miss Josephine Victor. Her genuine ability to "register emotion" roused the audience to great and not unjustified enthusiasm.

The London Symphony Orchestra started its winter season last week with a dull programme of Tchaikovsky and César Franck—who is beginning to become boring. But the concert's chief defect was Pick-Mangiagalli's "Sortilegi," a bad imitation of Dukas' "L'Apprenti Sorcier." With a name like Pick-Mangiagalli one has no justification for not being original. Evidently names mean a great deal at present to the L. S. O., for the pianist was Mr. Solito de Solis, who, after decorating the programme with his unique combination of vowels and consonants, had little chance of showing his more musical qualities in the uninteresting pianoforte part of Pick-Mangiagalli's "Sortilegi." Sound all these names together and you get a far finer musical composition!

Mrs. MacCarthy's charming memories in "A Nineteenth-Century Childhood," though they do not carry us further back than the 'nineties of the last century, suggest that in certain respects we have changed quite extraordinarily, yet with little comment, in less than thirty years. Take the question of women's stockings for example; in the Victorian age they were universally black and almost universally woollen. On which day of which year did the coloured stocking of real or artificial silk make its appearance? Who was the innovator, when did we first exclaim at her in horror, and what causes brought the change to pass? There is no mention of ladies smoking cigarettes in Mrs. MacCarthy's pages; nor is it conceivable that any young girl paused in the middle of one of Mrs. Tallboys' parties to reddening her lips, powder her nose, or comb her shingled hair. But silk and rouge and cigarettes, shingles and bobs, have stolen upon us unrecorded; have changed shop girls, duchesses, suburban matrons, into the figures we know. And these changes have not merely a pictorial value, but are symptoms of a genuine change of attitude—a change not towards masculinity, for the fashions have no truck with tailor-made suits, shirts, or stick-up collars, but towards physical comfort and spiritual gaiety. Never, a glance at the shops assures one, was there so little reason for a woman to appear dowdy or humdrum. It would be interesting if someone in the know were to inform us further whether it is cheaper to dress now than in the days of long white gloves and thick black stockings, when no girl could appear in a ball-room without a yard or two of superfluous silk clinging about her ankles.

Things to see or hear in the coming week:—

- Saturday, Nov. 1.—Albert Garcia, Vocal Concert, at 5.30, at Wigmore Hall.
- Monday, Nov. 3.—"Heraclius," *matinée*, at the Holborn Empire.
- Guilhermina Suggia and José Vianna da Motta, Violoncello and Pianoforte Recital, at 5.30, at Wigmore Hall.
- Isabel Gray, Pianoforte Recital, at 8.15, at Wigmore Hall.
- Wednesday, Nov. 5.—Tatiana Makushina, Song Recital, at 8.30, at Æolian Hall.
- Thursday, Nov. 6.—Kendall String Quartet, at 3, at Wigmore Hall.
- Friday, Nov. 7.—Dohnanyi, Pianoforte Recital, at 3, at Wigmore Hall.
- Gerald Cooper, Chamber Concert, at 8.30, at Æolian Hall.

OMICRON.



## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

## OLD NEWS.

HERE are few things more interesting than an old newspaper, and it is a curious fact that the "Times" of even a year ago makes much better reading than that of to-day. Great works and mighty tomes grow stale and out of date, but a scrap of old news or of an old newspaper retains an astonishing freshness. "Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments." If anyone doubts this statement, let him read "The Fugger News-Letters" (Lane, 16s.), the most enjoyable book which I have come across for a very long time. To read it is, in effect, to be reading old newspapers of the sixteenth century. The story of the great family of Fugger is a romantic one. The original Fugger was a small weaver, but in the fifteenth century the family took to finance, and by 1500 it had established one of the largest and most powerful financial houses which the world has known. It performed all the functions of the great modern financial houses, covering the world with a network of branches and agents, financing Governments and princes, and "controlling" mines and other profitable undertakings. And, like the modern financier, the Fuggers found that finance was the golden key which opened the door into the "best" society. They married the sons and daughters of the aristocracy; one of them indeed achieved the glory of marrying an Archduke. Eventually, the Emperor, who was always heavily in their debt, ennobled them, and the Fuggers became Counts.

In the latter half of the sixteenth century the House of Fugger was going downhill. It had financed the Holy Roman Empire, and the Catholic Church, and the King of Spain, and more than once its mighty debtors had repudiated their debts. At the end of the century the head of the house was Count Philip Eduard Fugger. It was he, apparently, who conceived the brilliant idea of making a vast collection of "newsletters" to be deposited in his library. The collection consists mainly of two different kinds of extract. The first are reports from agents or correspondents of the house who were scattered all over the habitable world. These correspondents act precisely as the modern newspaper correspondent: they report anything of interest which comes to their knowledge. They answer, in fact, to the "Our own correspondent" or "Our special correspondent" of the big modern newspaper. But Count Philip Eduard Fugger caused to be included in his collection a large number of newsletters similar to the reports which in our time are supplied to newspapers by the great news agencies like Reuters. The introduction to this book explains how Jeremias Crasser and his successor, Jeremias Schiffe, had an office in Augsburg "where the business of editing and publishing reports from all over the world was carried on," and they "regularly supplied Count Fugger and many other clients with their 'Ordinary' and their 'Extraordinary' Papers."

One reason why these old newsletters retain their freshness and a peculiar quality of reality is that they are written on the spot by contemporaries. Here we have a report from Amsterdam, dated August 30th, 1572, giving an account of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve, which had taken place on August 23rd. A correspondent with the Christian Armada at the Battle of Lepanto on October 7th, 1571, writes off a description of it on October 8th. "Cenci's children," begins another

newsletter, dated September 12th, 1599, from Rome, "were executed here yesterday. The eldest son was rent asunder with two tongs, beheaded and quartered, the daughter was beheaded. . . ." Emanuel Tomascon, "who was present at the happenings," writes "an exhaustive report of the way in which Queen Mary Stuart of Scotland and Douairière of France was beheaded on the 18th day of February of the new calendar, in the castle of Fotheringay in England."

Human nature must, in some respects, have changed very little in the last 400 years. It is remarkable to see how closely the modern newspaper correspondent follows the practice of the sixteenth-century correspondent. The doings of royalty, for instance, are recorded here precisely in the same way as they are recorded in our daily papers. Royal weddings, whether at the Court of Philip II. in Saragossa or of the King of Poland in Cracow, are minutely described, with accounts of the processions, festivities, and dresses. Some correspondents are a little more frank and truthful than their successors to-day: when the Duke of Savoy married the daughter of Philip II. of Spain, the correspondent writes from Saragossa on the day before the wedding:—

"This evening a dance will be held, and thereafter the marriage will be consummated. The bride looked on this day mightily morose. I know not, whether perhaps she is dissatisfied with the appearance of the Duke, who is small and ugly. If this be the case, she may, after the dance of this night, conceive a better liking for the bridegroom of to-morrow."

The book gives one an extraordinarily vivid account of life in the sixteenth century. One knew that man was the most savage of all the animals, and Count Fugger's correspondents confirm the view. There is, for instance, a long report, covering four pages, of "the persons who were brought as penitents to the public *auto de fé*, held by the Holy Court of the Inquisition upon Sunday the 3rd day of May in the year 1579," and when the correspondent has gone through the immense list of crimes and punishments, he ends: "Vale! I rejoice that this is at an end." The newsletters are full of massacres of Huguenots, Lutherans, Catholics, Belgians, Austrian peasants; of murders and assassinations; of beheadings and tortures. But even the battles, murders, and sudden deaths which our sixteenth-century ancestors inflicted upon one another were, probably, not as terrible as the imaginary world of superstitious horror in which they imprisoned and tortured their own minds. The world was not a pleasant place to live in four hundred years ago, and black fear was always sitting on everyone's back—not without reason. On February 14th, 1581, "a noise resembling thunder" travelled swiftly over the town of Prague; this was followed at night by a sound of lamentation which the "Bohemians call 'Mother in Travail'"; naturally next day a terrible plague broke out. In 1594, at Christmas time, the dead insisted upon awakening, leaving their graves, and tormenting the living, and, though several corpses were dug up and the heads cut off, "it proved of no avail." In 1597 blood rained upon Vienna. In 1592 the Grand Master of Malta sent a report to Venice that the Anti-Christ had been born in a certain province of Babylon. The child "is reported to be covered with cat's hair and to be a dreadful sight. It began to talk eight days after its birth, and to walk after a month. It is said to have intimated that it is the Son of God." The sun grew dark at midday, mountains opened, and the sky rained "snakes and other horrible creatures."

LEONARD WOOLF.

## REVIEWS

## A FIELD-MARSHAL'S MEMOIRS.

**A Field-Marshal's Memoirs: from the Diary, Correspondence, and Reminiscences of Alfred, Count von Waldersee.** Condensed and Translated by FREDERIC WHYTE. (Hutchinson, 18s.)

THIS modest volume is a selection from the three large tomes of the German original. The selection is judiciously made, and comprises probably all that the general reader is likely to find interesting. The original documents were not edited by the author for publication. Thus everything that appears is a faithful record of contemporary impressions. But it is as well that the prolixity of the original should be reduced to the essentials by an English editor.

The life of Count Waldersee covered the years 1832 to 1904. His first notes, in the German edition, deal with the revolution of 1848. Later he served in the wars of 1866 and 1870, and it is with the latter year that the translation starts. After a brief period as *Chargé d'Affaires* in Paris, the Count held high military appointments in Germany, becoming Chief of the General Staff in 1888. His European fame dates from his command of the Allied forces in China, 1901-1902.

Whether he was a good or a bad soldier we need not attempt to determine. The evidence appears to be conflicting. But being a soldier, of course he believed in war. The editor cites Prince Hohenlohe as saying, in 1889, that "he wanted war because he felt that he would be too old if peace lasted longer." And in 1887 he himself records that "I am regarded by the Chancellor (and indeed in wider circles) as the leader of the so-called war party." He reflects sadly: "I shall soon begin myself to believe that I am a thoroughly bad man!" But he does not seem to have been that. He was just a soldier. And if there are no wars, what is a soldier to do?

In this English text the most interesting chapters are those dealing with Wilhelm II. and with China. The Count was a personal friend of the Kaiser, and his confidant during the crisis that led to Bismarck's resignation. He seems even to have been mentioned as a possible successor to the great Chancellor, though Prince Hohenlohe dismisses this idea as "peculiarly stupid." But as years went on he began to feel the usual disillusionment about his royal master. He found him, indeed, amusing, intelligent, and attractive, but also intoxicated with vanity and impatient of opposition. The following entry deserves quotation:—

"The portrait of himself which the Kaiser had painted for the Embassy in Paris is attracting attention and is being criticized by no means favourably. He is standing in an incredibly defiant attitude in his *garde-du-corps* uniform, with black cuirass and purple mantle, leaning on a long baton. Everyone feels that he hopes to impress the French! The picture made a melancholy impression upon me—it shows him to the world as he really is, and feels. It will not be possible to pass judgment on it for another ten or twenty years. If by then he shall have achieved great exploits, it is an excellent picture; if it shall have happened otherwise, it will look just ridiculous."

It was more than twenty years, but not so much as thirty, that the world had to wait; and the verdict has now been given.

Anyone fifty years old will remember the outburst of fury with which the Kaiser received the news of the murder of his ambassador in China, and his appeal for revenge in the name of Jesus Christ. After much manoeuvring he succeeded in securing for Germany the command of the European troops, and appointed Count Waldersee to the post. The Count arrived rather late on the scene, after Peking had already been taken, but his memoirs give us a vivid account of the vindication of Christian civilization against the heathen Chinese. "Throughout the whole stretch of country from Taku to Tientsin I found—as also in no inconsiderable sections of Tientsin itself—a state of terrible devastation. So far as the eye could reach, on the countryside in question, one could see nothing but ruins in which not a single Chinaman could still live, and the whole stretch from here to Peking, in so far as I have been within the reach of the advancing armies, is, I am told by my chief of staff, in the same condition; while in Peking terrible destruction has been done by fires and looting. According to a conservative estimate 300,000 inhabitants (but probably many more) have

become homeless along the line of march, and are now living in the open, and this will remain possible only for a little time longer, owing to the good weather prevalent at this period of the year. There can be no doubt, however, but that presently there will be famines and epidemics. I believe that great numbers of the homeless and the foodless will begin to plunder the rest of the population, and will join the Boxers; I am convinced that this kind of fighting has created more Boxers than were killed in battle." It was thus that the followers of the Prince of Peace impressed His gospel upon the heathen. But such services deserve compensation, and the Christians took it, not only by the indemnity they finally exacted from the Chinese Government, but by a preliminary process of universal looting. Those who are old enough will remember the pride with which elegant ladies and gentlemen of the upper classes in England displayed their spoils to cultured connoisseurs. "A big trade is being carried on here in the proceeds of the looting; dealers, especially from America, have taken up their position here and are making big profits. The things most in request are bronzes, porcelain of different periods, jade; then silk stuffs, embroideries, skins, real *cloisonné*, and also red lacquer. There is not much to be seen in the way of silver and gold. It is sad to note how many costly things are being handled in the roughest way and destroyed, among others, woodcarvings of incalculable value." But slaughter and theft were not enough to satisfy the feelings of the Christian troops. "Unfortunately the looting has not failed to be attended by other excesses: outrages on women, barbarities of all descriptions, murder, wanton acts of incendiarism, &c." The whole scene, for many weeks, was one eminently calculated to win the sympathies of the Chinese for the Christian religion. It was not the first, nor is it likely to be the last, time that they had the opportunity of perceiving at first hand the virtues it has inspired in the States of the West.

With his experiences in China the career of Count Waldersee may be said to have culminated. So far as his own life was concerned he looked back upon it as one of extraordinary happiness and achievement. But his closing years were darkened by fears for the future of Germany. He died in 1904, and the last entry in his journal was: "I pray to God that I may not have to live through what I see coming."

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

## THE NON-JURORS.

**The Later Non-Jurors.** By HENRY BROXAP, M.A. (Cambridge University Press. 21s.)

WHEN, not far short of a hundred years ago (so quickly does time fly), the Oxford Movement began to flutter the Protestant dove-cotes, and excite the blind fury of the "Edinburgh Review," someone, not so completely ignorant of our Church History as were at that time the vast majority of Oxford and Cambridge M.A.s, remarked of the Tractarians, "Why, they are the Non-Jurors over again!" And so indeed they were, though, with the exception of Dr. Pusey, not half so learned.

Ignorance is, however, still so widely spread that notwithstanding the excellent works of Thomas Lathbury and of Canon Overton and the recent appearance of a third work entitled "The Later Non-Jurors," by Mr. Broxap, an incorrigible ignoramus has lately been heard to inquire, with all the petulance of ignorance, who were the Non-Jurors, and whoever they were, should they not be allowed "to rest in the same grave with the Second Punic War, of which occurrence so confirmed a reader as Dr. Johnson once declared that he never wished to hear of it again?"

Against such ignorance THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM is pledged to wage war, yet, for all that, we have been advised that on this particular subject but a small space can be allotted, therefore we hope that Mr. Broxap will pardon us if we do no more than commend his impartial and strictly historical work on the later Non-Jurors to the attention of those students of our Church History who, whilst interested in the past, are at least equally interested in the future of the Church of England.

Who, then, were the Non-Jurors? They begin, romantically enough, in 1689 with "the Deprived Fathers." Who were these Fathers? They were William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, Lloyd, Bishop of Norwich, Turner of Ely, White



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of Peterborough, Ken of Bath and Wells, and Frampton of Gloucester. Two other Bishops would have shared the same fate and fame, had not they avoided deprivation by death. Why were these Fathers deprived? Because, having earlier in their careers taken the oaths of Allegiance to King James the Second, they declined to take the same oaths to Dutch William and his spouse Mary. When James died in 1701, it was suggested that those of the Deprived Fathers who were alive might renew their communion with their old Church, but the survivors answered, "No, we swore allegiance not only to James, but to his heirs and lawful successors." And then, as if to block all the holes, an Act was passed creating a new oath requiring "abjuration of the pretended Prince of Wales," and an acknowledgment of William the Third and his successors under the Act of Settlement as the "rightful and lawful King."

If it be asked why did these Deprived Fathers and some four hundred of their clergy and a few laymen make such a fuss, in such a country as ours, over a mere change of succession in the office of Chief Magistrate, Ignorance must be informed that prior to the Glorious Revolution that introduced the nation to Whiggery and Erastianism, the peculiar doctrine of the Church of England, and the one distinguishing her from both the Papist and the Sectary, was the "doctrine of the Cross"—that is, the divine right of the Lord's Anointed. Tillotson, who succeeded Sancroft in the Chair of St. Augustine, and who issued a writ of ejection in the King's Bench to obtain physical possession of Lambeth Palace, held this doctrine of the Cross before the Revolution just as strongly as Sancroft continued to do so after it.

It was really asking a good deal of the Church of England to expect it to make so great a change so quickly. But then, as Churchmen in 1689 could hardly have forgotten, when great changes have to be made, they are made quickly, and without any consideration for the feelings of the devout. The Deprived Fathers were not only ejected from their Sees without any pretence of synodical action, but the Civil Power at once proceeded to put new Bishops into those Sees, which, canonically considered, were not vacant—in this respect strictly following the precedent of Mary Tudor.

This necessitated a Schism—Who was Archbishop of Canterbury, Sancroft or Tillotson?—Who was Bishop of Bath and Wells—the saintly Ken, or the unlucky Kidder? And so on.

England is a very difficult land in which to run a Schism, and had there not been a good deal more behind the Non-Jurors than their Jacobitism and their regard for their oaths (always worthless things), the Non-Jurors would not probably have survived the death of Bishop Ken in 1711. Ken was anxious that, after his death, the rift should be healed. Ken, like Keble, had a great deal of "John Bull" in his constitution.

What was it then that kept the Schism going, after a fashion (and it was always a sickly plant), until the end of the eighteenth century? It certainly was not Jacobitism, for after the '45 the Stuart Cause was lost; nor was it the rumpus over the "immoral prayers" for our Hanoverian Kings, who certainly needed all the prayers they could muster; nor was it the lawfulness of prayers for the dead. No! What kept the Schism alive was the spirit of that which is now called Anglo-Catholicism, as opposed to the growing, and well-nigh blasphemous, Erastianism of the Georgian era.

These Non-Jurors were in no sense of the word Papists; nor were they, in the popular use of the word, Protestants. What then were they? They were lovers of Antiquity, of primitive usages, of old liturgies, of daily prayers, and occasional fastings, and more particularly of the Eucharistic Sacrifice—a service which at this period was printed in small type in the Books of Common Prayer in ordinary use.

The Non-Jurors, though cast out by the Church of their Baptism, longed for the Union of Christendom; and the most spirited incident in their dreary history is their proposed mission to the Patriarchs of the Greek Church to try, if possible, to arrange for a Concordat. At first the Patriarch of Constantinople was at a loss to know who were the people in London who called themselves "The Orthodox and Catholic Remnant of the British Churches," but, after an explanation on this point, the Russian Synod wrote promising their best assistance to further the negotiations, and added that Peter the Great, on being acquainted with the

proceedings, "received them with a serene countenance," and made the eminently practical suggestion that the Non-Jurors should send two of their number to Russia for the purposes of a conference. But Peter died (1725) before the two persons could be sent, and the matter dropped.

The Non-Jurors, small as their numbers were, included amongst them writers of the most eloquent, learned, and devout character, such as George Hickes, Jeremy Collier, William Law, Thomas Brett, Charles Leslie, John Kettlewell, and Thomas Deacon. No one can pretend to have even a bowing acquaintance with the history of the Church of England who has not entered into the spirit of these remarkable men.

Why, then, was it that this Schism, beginning so well, and illustrated by both primitive piety and enormous reading, came to grief as it did, and ended so ignominiously that many quite decent people have never so much as heard of it; and this, though the principles of the Non-Jurors (apart from their early Jacobitism) are now predominant in the Church that turned them out?

One or two reasons may be given temerarily. Squabbles about succession do not appeal to John Bull. *Beati possidentes* is one of the very few scraps of Latin appreciated by the populace.

The English Church rests on the *jure divino* of Episcopacy. Jurors and Non-Jurors both agreed that Bishops there must be to confirm, ordain, and consecrate, else otherwise what would become of the Apostolical Succession? How awkward and stupid it was to have two sets of Bishops, one in possession, and the other out of it, and each set denying the pretensions of the other!

Then again, though the Non-Jurors, even when they were themselves split in two, were careful to keep up their own line of Bishops, their Episcopal consecrations were clandestine. Even Non-Jurors seldom knew anything about them; where they took place; who were the consecrators; or indeed the name of the new Bishop. This was not business; and the history of these non-juring Bishops as narrated by the historians named above is a pitiful, shabby history—though the Bishops themselves were generally above the usual Episcopal average. Another reason has been already hinted at. The Non-Jurors, small body as they were, fell out among themselves; and the pamphlets the Usagers and Non-Usagers issued against one another, in the course of their wordy warfare, soon became almost as numerous as their followers.

This is not the place to refer, however shortly, to the history of this disruption or to its consequences. It had nothing to do with Jacobitism, but mainly turned on the Eucharistic Sacrifice. The Usagers, who were the minority, represented the extreme High Church element amongst the Non-Jurors; the Non-Usagers were those who, whilst not quarrelling with the Four Usages and having indeed no objection to their being "used" by those who fancied them, thought it was inexpedient, and possibly illegal, to tamper with the Act of Uniformity, and formally repudiate the Book of Common Prayer.

The Four Usages were, shortly stated, as follows:—

- (1) An expressed Offering or Oblation of the Elements in the Eucharist to God.
- (2) An Invocation to the Holy Spirit upon the Elements that they might become the Body and Blood of Christ.
- (3) Prayers for the dead.
- (4) The mixed Chalice.

Having split upon these Usages, both sides kept on consecrating new Bishops, so that then there were in England three lines of Bishops—the *Beati possidentes*, the Usagers, and the Non-Usagers—the two latter hardly known to the world.

In 1732 there was a Concordat of some kind between the Usagers and the Non-Usagers, but the rift was never completely healed, and the last non-juring Bishops were irregularly consecrated by one Bishop alone, instead of three. The end of the Non-Jurors was when most of them were absorbed into the Scottish Episcopal Church—a Non-Jurant Body. This date may be fixed about 1777.

The Non-Jurors are not to be blamed for avoiding the penal laws, or for concealing the fact that they were maintaining a line of Bishops of their own, who wore lay garments, and in some cases practised as doctors and apothecaries.



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caries; but neither can they be extolled as heroes or professors. It was a hole-and-corner Schism.

The morals of the Non-Jurors have been assailed without warrant; though a casual remark of Dr. Johnson's, recorded by Boswell in a Biography of immortal fame and great popularity, has, at one and the same time, informed tens of thousands of readers, first that there was once a body of clergy called "Non-Jurors," and second, that many of them went to bed with their patrons' wives. Dr. Johnson's acquaintance with Non-Jurors was as small as possible. He had never been inside one of their meeting houses; and in this he resembled almost everybody else, for except in Newcastle their congregations were of the tiniest. It is frankly impossible to hope to keep their memories green, but their principles may be heard expounded, and their "Usages" seen and heard practised, to-day in half the Anglican churches in the City and County of London.

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"he who sits obscure  
In the exceeding lustre and the pure  
Intense irradiation of a mind,  
Which, with its own internal lightning blind,  
Flags wearily through darkness and despair—  
A cloud-encircled meteor of the air,  
A hooded eagle among blinking owls."

We shall not apply the parallel at all points, but, to get the worst over first, Mr. Middleton Murry is sometimes obscure. In a certain sense and to a certain kind of person the whole of this volume will always be obscure. Its author subscribes wholeheartedly to the dictum of Anatole France that criticism is the adventures of a man's soul among books, and he thinks that there is something final in the results of his explorations. Such a profession of faith on the very first page is equivalent to a *procul este* warning away the thyrsus-bearers, who are many, while the initiate, who are few, approach the inner shrine. The Gallios who care nothing for the study of literature as a spiritual experience are in the majority, and Mr. Murry's criticism is obscure to-day as Browning's poetry was obscure seventy years ago. But even so we think that he is sometimes a little harder to follow than he need be. He has a *penchant* for psychological subtleties: it is evidently a delight to him to spin fine, airy cobwebs of the most etherialized thoughts, and he does it much too easily himself to trouble about the comfort of his readers. There are several pages dealing with the modern novel, Marcel Proust, and James Joyce which we venture to think Mr. Murry could have rewritten in a more lucid style.

Having entered our protest against what we conceive to be the weakness of Mr. Murry's fine intellect, we hasten to express our admiration of his unique qualities as a critic when he is at his best, and that is when he is dealing with the English poets of the so-called Romantic Revival, with the three great Russian novelists, and, above all, in every word he writes about Chekhov and Shakespeare. No other critic brings us so near to the living spirits of these writers, because, for this critic, the elation of personal contact with them is a religion. Mr. Murry is one of

"those to whom the miseries of the world  
Are misery, and will not let them rest . . .  
Who feel the giant agony of the world."

But when he reads the final scenes of "Antony and Cleopatra" or Chekhov's "The Dreary Story," then he experiences

"that blessed mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world  
Is lightened."

It may be that along this way Mr. Murry is helping to lead us to the new religion, or as some may prefer to put it, to the re-reading and fulfilment of an old religion, a thing which many voices of late have proclaimed to be necessary for the continuation of civilization, society, and humanity. For many of us the greatest part of the greatest literature which we know is the expression of our obstinate questionings and blank misgivings about the meaning of human life;

the "Edipus Tyrannus" and "Lear," as much as Byron's "Cain," are no more than magnificent presentations of eternal problems which organized religion has hitherto only answered by ignoring the essential issues. Sophocles and Shakespeare throw the light of their poetry upon scenes in that pageant which the writer of the Apocalypse called "the mystery of God," and it only becomes more mysterious. The dull and the weak try to persuade us that it is impious to pry into that *arcana celestium*, but we cannot help it, and we do not believe them. But what if, after all, Sophocles and Shakespeare and Chekhov bring their own solution with them, and do after all open our ears to the harmony of the spheres and our hearts to *l'amor che move il sol e l'altre stelle*? What Mr. Murry finely says of Chekhov is surely true of every writer who courageously takes a full look at the worst in human life. He goes out into the wilderness, "without hope, without belief; it is the last of all forlorn quests: and he brings back the Grail in his hands."

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But in spite of its qualities it would be difficult to conceive of a more thoroughly unscholarly work, bedecked with all the paraphernalia of scholarship, than this book. The publishers claim for it that "it represents an enormous amount of research," and that "students of the period will find it an invaluable work of reference." Neither claim is justified. The author is acquainted with the more accessible literary sources (or rather the French and English sources) for a study of mediæval chivalry, but he seems often to be re quoting the quotations of previous writers, and when he leaves the domain of literature and ventures upon more strictly historical sources, he is sometimes lamentably at sea. It is true that an appearance of learning is given to various statements by reference to manuscript sources, but it is obvious that the writer has no direct acquaintance with these sources himself, and has preferred to take them from secondary authorities without acknowledgment; and the form in which the references are given too often betrays his ignorance. "Escat. 24. Ed. I. N. 59," and "Fines 18. Rio (*sic*) II.," and "Hart. (*sic*) MS. 425, f. 93," may impress the general reader, but will only irritate the historian. Similarly, it is very foolish to give manuscript references to well-known literary works which have long ago been published, for this merely leads to a suspicion that Mr. Mellor has not read the very accessible editions of these works, but has taken quotations from the pages of a historian writing in the first part of last century before their publication. Thus "MS. di (*sic*) St. Germain, fol. 41," is a suspicious reference for a quotation from the romance of "Floire et Blanchefleur," which was edited by Du Meril in 1856, and has been several times re-edited since; and "Chevalier de la Tour, folio 5 ultm." is an even more pointless reference to the famous book of the Knight of La Tour Landry, the French text of which was edited in 1854, and the fifteenth-century English version in 1868. Similarly a reference to "MSS. at Turin, No. 9, 1, 19," for the story of the knight who wore his lady's shift in battle, leaves us cold.



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One might forgive Mr. Mellor these innocent affectations, but for the carelessness with which he sometimes uses his authorities. His translations are not always accurate: "frenieres" on p. 8 means bridle-makers, not farmers; "fruit" on p. 28 means "fruit," not "playing," and there are several errors in the translation of the Aragonese ballad on p. 262, by one of which three girls sitting on a bench are transformed into three girls living in a manor, and between his own carelessness and printers' errors (which abound) he sometimes succeeds in making hay of his texts. Occasionally he both makes hay of them and misunderstands them. The following passage (concerning elderly squires who had not risen to knighthood) will illustrate this: "Chaucer . . . had such a squire, rough and faithful, but getting on in years when he wrote:

'A worthy man  
That from the time he first began  
To ridden out, he loves Chivalry  
Truth and honour, freedom and courtesy in his lord's war,  
And thereto had he risen, no man farre  
As well in Christendom as in Heathenesse  
And ever honoured for his worthiness.'

That these older squires, who had not ever risen to knighthood, served for hire, Leber . . . gives an instance of in a curious passage. We have not written *sic* after any of the mistakes in the above stanza, for to do justice to its inaccuracy (and to the author's own grammar) one would have to be *sic* over the entire quotation. It seems hardly credible that it should be a mangled version of Chaucer's famous description of the "verray parfit gentil knight," who had followed his overlord to so many wars, or that the full first line should run "A knight ther was and that a worthy man." Nor are Mr. Mellor's *obiter dicta* always fortunate; he announces that truthfulness was a virtue unknown to the ancients, and that the verb "saunter" is derived from "a la sante terre," in reference to the rambling progress of the pilgrim to the Holy Land, a thought unknown to the compilers of the Oxford English Dictionary.

The book is so obviously a labour of love that one criticizes it with regret. Mr. Mellor is an amateur who has interested himself in the Middle Ages, and as such he is to be welcomed and commended; but by implicitly claiming attention as a serious historian he has laid himself open to serious criticism as a historian, and it has to be admitted that this book, for all its merits, shows him to be inadequately acquainted with historical method, historical accuracy, and historical etiquette.

EILEEN POWER.

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PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY has probably read more books than any critic that has ever lived. This alone is sufficient to make him a valuable writer. We may agree or disagree with what he is saying, but we know at any rate that his opinion is the result of first-hand observations, and that he is not merely taking it over from other critics. The sheaf of papers collected in this volume is a tribute to his wide reading, and sprawls from St. Evremont to Anatole France, via Chamfort, Quinet, and Gautier. Of all these writers he speaks with his accustomed knowledge, though occasionally we are reminded that some of the essays were written a good many years ago. Anyone, for instance, who wants to read an article on Flaubert to-day can get along without being told the plot of "Mme. Bovary." All through, Professor Saintsbury appears on the defensive, which brings before our minds the date of his essay (1878). Thus he admits that the subject of "Mme. Bovary" is repulsive, the atmosphere of "L'Education" dreary, the details of "Salammbô" disgusting, and "Bouvard et Pécuchet" apparently merely imbecile, and he even goes so far as to say "the most ardent Flaubertist of intelligence" must admit it is a complete failure. We do not pretend to be "of intelligence" ourselves, but de Gourmont certainly was, and he, we are happy to think, considered "Bouvard" the author's masterpiece, the first book in which he had gained complete control of his style. Yet Professor Saintsbury in his heart of hearts knows all this talk about repulsive subjects and revolting details to

be irrelevant, as can be judged from an excellent passage in his essay on Baudelaire, in which he gives critics some advice of which they are as much in need to-day as in the year when the passage was written (1875):—

"Matter-criticism is particularly untrustworthy where trustworthiness is most to be desired, in the case of new or exceptional work or workers. Half the critical remarks which have been made, for instance, on Walt Whitman are vitiated by this defect. The critic has made up his mind that ultra-democratic views are damnable or admirable as the case may be, and all his criticism is tinged by this prepossession. Nor even in the case of less perilous stuff is there any surer way of going wrong than the direction of one's attention to the matter primarily. And against another great danger, the danger of indifference, the study of form is as good a safeguard against it as against the more obvious, but not more real danger of prepossession. Many minds, when their possessors are neither very young nor very enthusiastic, come to the conclusion that one thing is as well worth saying, or as well worth leaving unsaid, as another thing. But no mind of any power or accomplishment can ever come to the conclusion that one manner of saying a thing is as good as another."

This is admirably said. Unfortunately we are all full of prepossessions, and even Professor Saintsbury is not wholly immune. Thus he, like lesser persons, moves more easily among older writers who cannot at this distance of time stir his prejudices. He forgets, for instance, all about form in the course of his remarks on M. Anatole France. "*Les travailleurs ne demandent rien et ne reçoivent rien*," says M. Marteau, another of the mouthpieces of M. France himself. Our author was, we believe, born in 1844. It would be really obliging if he would point out for the benefit of some contemporaries fairly acquainted with public affairs in France and England at what time since that date *les travailleurs* have not been demanding constantly and receiving at least a large proportion of what they have asked. But M. France is not exactly the sort of person one argues with. If he were he would hardly wake the wild raptures of laudation which secularists and anarchists give him sometimes. Perhaps not. Nevertheless, if Professor Saintsbury were not equally prejudiced, he would be not nearly so annoyed about it. But when he is further back in time, his mind flows equably, with the result that his papers on "Chamfort and Rivarol" and the now half-forgotten Edgar Quinet might be taken as models of their kind. For though Professor Saintsbury is himself chockfull of rather irritating prejudices, he is none the less a very good hand at destroying them in other people.

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*Handbook of Crocus and Colchicum*. By E. A. BOWLES. (Hopkinson, 12s. 6d.)

You have only to look out of a railway-carriage window, passing through the suburbs of London, and you will see how many people who own gardens lose an immense amount of pleasure by not reading gardening books. The study of any good gardening book would increase the beauty of these gardens, and their owners' enjoyment, a hundredfold. It is our English habit to believe (against all evidence) that in practical affairs "book-learning" is useless or dangerous, and most people apply the principle to gardening, and so we have the monotonous and mechanical planting of the wallflower, the geranium, a few standard roses, and other "favourites." A good book will not only teach the many people who pursue this mechanical method that there is a right way even of growing wallflowers, but it will also enormously widen the range of their sowings and plantings. They will find, for instance, that it is far easier to have the beautiful and neglected *Veronica Longifolia* decorating your garden in August than to have the oval bed of muddy magenta geranium.

The trouble, of course, with many people is how to begin. Too often the gardening book which professes to serve the beginner leaves him in the lurch at the critical moment. It is no good telling the beginner to take a cutting of a chrysanthemum or a rose unless you tell him exactly how he is to do it. That is the great merit of Mr. Macself's book: it assumes no knowledge in the beginner. It is quite easy to explain in print how to take a cutting and how to plant it,



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## "TO RUN CONCURRENTLY."

A NUMBER of disal legal phrases are familiar to us from the reports of criminal trials—those daily glimpses into the underworld. One of these phrases suggests that leaning to mercy which is the glory of our English jurisprudence. A man is found guilty on, say, two counts. The law requires that he shall be sentenced for each offence, but mercy provides that the sentences may "run concurrently."

Does the reader reflect that in many cases two sentences must be served to the bitter end? For an innocent woman is serving her sentence concurrently with the guilty man. The man goes to his punishment behind prison walls. The woman goes back to the shame and shadowed home, to work out her sentence; the struggle for bread, the innocent heart-breaking questionings of the children, to whom that man in the dock is "Daddy."

Think of such daily scenes as these. Then think that the names of 800 such women were added on the books of the Church Army Prisoners' Families Department last year. Think once more, that to each woman the C.A. Sister means sympathy, practical help, a firm friend until, and usually after, the sentence is served out.

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There are many ways of taking part in this work. Clothing can always be usefully disposed of; baby clothes for the little ones; groceries, eggs, &c., for the Sister to take on her visits. Cheques should be sent to PREB. CARLILE, D.D., crossed "Barclay's a/c Church Army," 25, Bryanston St., W. 1, payable Preb. Carlile, earmarked for "Prisoners' Families."

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and Mr. Macself does so. And he follows the same admirable plan throughout his book. He tells his reader how to perform each operation, and he gives him most useful lists of seeds, and plants, and shrubs which he can sow and plant. The chapters on the vegetable garden, on the care of fruit-trees, and on the greenhouse are also clear and practical.

Mr. Bowles's book is more "advanced" than Mr. Macself's. It does for the crocus what Mr. Dykes, in the same series, has done for the iris. No one knows more about the crocus and colchicum than Mr. Bowles, and his book proves the point which we made in our first paragraph. The ordinary garden is beautified by the crocus for only a few weeks every year, yet, as Mr. Bowles points out, "by planting those now offered by nurserymen an unbroken succession of flowers may be obtained from mid-September until April. . . ." Mr. Bowles gives an admirable account of the various species, clearly describing their characteristics, habits, and requirements. If the gardener who reads this volume does not next year have at least some of the beautiful autumn-flowering crocuses in his garden, he is a foolish man.

## NOVELS IN BRIEF

**The Green Bay Tree.** By LOUIS BLOOMFIELD. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

An American steel town of a familiar type and a Paris that lies beyond the "American Colony" are the alternate grounds of this first novel, and the contrast between the two daughters of Julia Shane, relict of a violent and dissipated Spanish-Irish character, is as complete, for Irene is inclined towards religious mania, and Lily is of a modern, or ancient, difficult order. Having yielded to the prospective Governor of a small State, Lily refuses to marry him, as she desires a man "with the strength and grace of a fine animal," and goes to Paris, where her son is born. She becomes infatuated with a blonde giant, but fortunately the theme of the "primitive man" is not developed. Eventually, having shot three Uhlans during the War, Lily settles down to quiet marriage. The attempt to depict woman, smiling, enigmatic, undiscoverable, is not successful, for the suggestive method employed too much resembles evasion. Lily is a multiple idea rather than an individual or transitional type. The story, otherwise, is sincere and careful.

**Chris Gascoyne.** By A. C. BENSON. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)

The quality of charm, like that of irony, requires a quiet, plain, prose style, apparently ordinary in the sense that it must have no strangeness that distracts by verbal beauty, a window, rather than a prism, through which, without coloured refraction, pleasantness may radiate. Being a virtuous state of mind similar to faith, good works, or charity, charm is continuous, and consists in its own exercise. So all our most attractive writers are both static and prolific. This new book by Mr. A. C. Benson is an exercise in dialectics, cast lightly into narrative form by letter and casual diary. Chris Gascoyne is a delightful conception existing in the minds of a few gracious people who are dated by their habit of leisure and of quotation from Tennyson and Browning. Chris, wearying of agreeable intercourse with agreeable people, hurries to the country in order to investigate his soul in solitude. Without his tactful personality, which we experience indirectly, the small social group is threatened with dispersion. Agreeableness being a fixed moral quality, we may arrive beforehand at its conclusion. Chris, of course, discovers that life is realized not by isolated meditation, but in sorrow and in human service. In such sweet morality, as in a happier fiction, life fits into a prearranged idea, and its end may well be celestial. Chris, John Trevor of Gray's Inn, Lady Jane, Gladys, and the rest are sufficiently agreeable to be real. Most people, as political States, live within a well-defined constitution of ideas, and obey, by instinct, its harmonious laws. Gray's Inn, a green isle in the sea of traffic, the delectable hills of the Cotswolds, may well accord refuge for elder thought.

**Buddenbrooks.** By THOMAS MANN. Two vols. (Secker. 7s. 6d. each.)

The quaint romance and homely charm of small provincial German towns (eclipsed by the War) are the matter of this long novel, originally published in 1902 and regarded

as a classic of modern German literature. The author, by birth, united the tendencies of Northern and Southern Germany, and the rivalry between material and spiritual elements is found in his book. This chronicle of the Buddenbrook family begins richly and fully, in the year 1830, with a house-warming party given by Johann, the venerable head of a prosperous tribe of Lübeck's merchant nobility. A chapter is devoted to each course of the dinner, polite French phrases are used, the town poet recites an ode of welcome. In atmosphere and detail, this is the best part of the story. With the son, Conaql Buddenbrook, and his children, the fortunes of the family, opposed to modern tendencies, and divided by new blood, begin to decline. The last generation ends with Hanno, a weak, ineffectual artist. The second volume is thinner in substance, but this is not inconsistent with the decline, in rich tradition and numbers, of the original family. The chronicle of births, deaths, and marriages has a fascination of its own. Hereditary influences, political changes, and the passing of customs are skilfully used to obviate the inevitable and underlying monotony of recurring life. The translation is by Mr. H. T. Lowe-Porter.

**Stella Defiant.** By CLARE SHERIDAN. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.)

According to the statement on the wrapper, this "lurid, passionate history of a beautiful young woman of Irish and Russian parentage" is "modernism written vividly and unself-consciously by a modernist." Stella, in revolt, is attracted to hectic Bohemian or revolutionary circles. Excitement prevails, and the style is vigorous and rapid. Here is a chapter—poets and gunmen plotting in an Irish manor house; an intoxicated English Cabinet Minister, in disguise, making violent love to Stella (the secret wife of an English lord) in the next room: climax, a messenger with the news that the house of Stella's father has been burned down by members of her own secret society. Stella retires to Germany and, consequent on much sexual unrest among futurist artists and Bolsheviks, finds happiness with a cultured Turk. O Sheik obscuring the forgotten shades of Ouida!

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

**Storia del Regno di Napoli.** By BENEDETTO CROCE. (Bari, Laterza. 28 lire.)

Senator Croce has long been recognized as one of the greatest living authorities on the history of Naples, a subject to which he devoted much of his energy before philosophy claimed him for her own. The story of Pescasseroli, his birthplace in the Abruzzi, and of the neighbouring Montenerodomo, which fill nearly half this volume, are more in the style of these earlier studies. Indeed, he takes occasion to apologize for the title he has chosen for his book, and "Intorno alla Storia del Regno di Napoli," as these papers were called when he ran them through "La Critica," would certainly give the general reader a better idea of the contents. The title may be regarded as a flaunting of the flag of Croce's theory of history. He makes no attempt to retell the story, taking the work of his predecessors as set forth in the valuable bibliography for granted, and adding only what he deems necessary for a clearer understanding of the facts. But the value of this commentary for those who know Croce's work and have any idea of his mastery of his subject need not be emphasized.

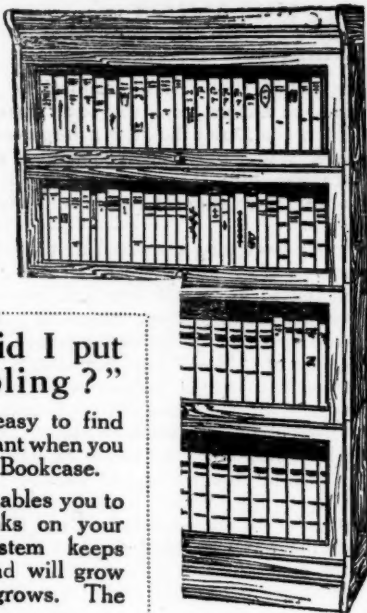
**A Concise Etymological Dictionary of Modern English.** By ERNEST WEEKLEY. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)

**The Rhyming Dictionary of the English Language.** By J. WALKER. Revised and Enlarged by L. H. DAWSON. (Routledge. 7s. 6d.)

**The Dickens Encyclopædia.** By ARTHUR L. HAYWARD. (Routledge. 15s.)

These three dictionaries, so different in subject, are each in their way examples of excellent lexicography. Mr. Weekley's is an abridgement of his admirable "Etymological Dictionary of Modern English." Walker's "Rhyming Dictionary" is a very old friend of many people; it is over 150 years old. Mr. Dawson has done good work in revising it and enlarging it to nearly double the size of the last edition. Mr. Hayward's book is a good example of the dictionary which gives references to all the characters and places mentioned in the works of some great author. He has done for Dickens what has recently been done for George Eliot, and he has done it very well.





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## FINANCE AND INVESTMENT

## RUBBER AND AUSTRALIAN LOANS.

**A** WELL-KNOWN Mincing Lane firm has issued a statistical review of the rubber industry, in which it paints an even more optimistic picture of the results of the Stevenson Restriction Scheme than did the Chairman of Messrs. Harrisons & Crosfield in his recent speech to shareholders. The strength of the rubber market would suggest that the faith of the investing public has been roused. But is it justified? From the information now available the following facts seem reasonably established.

At the time Restriction was introduced, "surplus stocks of 100,000 to 150,000 tons were pressing on the market." Stocks in the U.S.A. at the end of September this year were about 42,000 tons, which is about half the normal quantity carried in America. Stocks in the Eastern markets, also, were not much more than sufficient for the normal carrying of trade. The "acid test" of the position is still therefore the stocks in the United Kingdom. At the end of September these stocks were as follows: 1922, 79,124 tons; 1923, 60,408 tons; 1924, 47,994 tons.

It is not improbable that the next six months will see a further contraction. The Mincing Lane firm estimates that by next April stocks in the United Kingdom will not exceed 25,000 tons. It is certainly clear that the market problem of excessive stocks has been eliminated. But what developments, meanwhile, have taken place in regard to world consumption and world production of rubber? Mr. Eric Miller gave a most valuable table in his review, showing the figures of world absorption of rubber from 1910-1923:—

	Tons.	Percentage increase over previous year.
1910 ... ..	85,000	...
1911 ... ..	90,000	6
1912 ... ..	95,000	6
1913 ... ..	107,000	13
1914 ... ..	125,000	17
1915 ... ..	150,000	20
1916 ... ..	187,000	25
1917 ... ..	220,000	18
1918 ... ..	260,000	18
1919 ... ..	287,000	10
1920 ... ..	302,000	5
1921 ... ..	320,000	6
1922 ... ..	353,000	10
1923 ... ..	410,000	16

For 1924 Mr. Miller estimates that total absorption will be 435,000 tons, while the Mincing Lane firm puts the figure at 460,000 tons. For 1925 Mr. Miller puts absorption at 450,000 tons, and the firm at 500,000 tons. In any case it seems agreed that world consumption figures are increasing in a steady manner.

When we come to the figures of production the facts are less pleasing from the standpoint of the British rubber companies. The following table shows the expansion of production since 1922, and up to July this year, in the Dutch East Indies:—

	1922.	1923.	1924
Dutch East Indies:			
Estate Production ...	47,131	51,858	61,442
Native			
(Reduced to dry wt.)	12,484	31,231	43,532
Total 8 months	59,615	83,089	104,974
Monthly average	7,452	10,386	13,122

In the last three years the output of the Dutch East Indian rubber has increased by 76 per cent. During this same period the world's consumption has increased by 23 per cent. In other words, the Dutch producer is capturing the rubber export trade at the expense of the "restricting" producer.

The "Times" rightly asks what will be the position of the British and Dutch planters when restriction at last comes to an end? It would seem that the British companies will have considerable lost ground to recover. Mr. Miller considers that over-tapping in the non-restricting, particularly the native, areas will eventu-

ally tell in the British companies' favour, but there seems no escape from the logic that if "restricting" ends in the Dutch holding a larger share of the world's rubber trade, the British companies are the losers. We therefore think that every opportunity of early, if gradual, relaxation of restriction should be taken.

We have long suspected that stockbrokers are not so black as they are painted. But it would not have occurred to us to seek economic and literary gems in a "market letter" from Australia. Yet here they are. Headed with an apt quotation from Calverley, and under the title of "New Loans for Old," there comes from a firm of brokers in Melbourne an able analysis of the present obligations and future financial requirements of the Commonwealth and the States. Here, in fact, is all the information which has been omitted from the prospectuses of recent Colonial loans. The Colonial Stock Act, as "The Times" happily pointed out, provides no protection for the investor. Even if a Colonial Government did not balance its budget for several years, even if its debt showed an exceptionally high ratio to its population, all that would not prevent a Colonial Government from raising a loan under the Act. The following table gives the approximate position of the public debt of Australia for the last five years:—

Year.	Commonwealth Debt.	States Debt.	Net Australian Public Debt.	Increase.
	£	£	£	£
1920	381,309,905	430,092,847	778,341,835	74,040,069*
1921	401,720,024	474,847,459	828,015,846	49,674,011*
1922	416,070,509	523,489,389	884,377,233	56,361,387*
1923	410,996,316	550,878,641	905,484,946	21,107,713
1924	415,600,098	577,878,641†	937,088,728†	31,603,782†

\* Repatriation years.

† Estimate.

This ominous increase in the Australian public debt is the more disturbing as for the last two years there has been an increasingly adverse balance of trade:—

Year ending	Total Imports.	Total Exports.
June 30th.	£	£
1923 ... ..	131,757,835	117,870,147
1924 ... ..	140,569,853	119,567,407

"It is not, of course, certain," writes this firm of Australian brokers, "that the borrowings abroad are making the financial position unsafe . . . but it is obvious that if we were meeting our interests abroad by a surplus of exports instead of loans we would certainly be free even of the suspicion of insecurity." It is good to know that the apprehensions of instructed financial opinion in this country are being realized in Australia. It is, indeed, something that the Commonwealth has become under the States Loan Act the sole borrowing agent for the States for such new money as is to be raised in Australia during the year ending June 30th, 1925. But the States are still free to make their own arrangements for conversion operations in London, and may borrow in London to the extent of their payments abroad. For the current year the States Loan Act authorized the following borrowings:—

To be raised in Australia	£10,300,000
Commonwealth, for Interest and Payment in	
London, say	8,000,000
States, for Interest in London, say	13,000,000
States, for Purchases in London, say	1,000,000

Total Probable Borrowings New Money for current year ... .. £32,300,000

"In these figures," to quote again the Melbourne firm, "may be seen the explanation of how, for example, New South Wales, which spent £9,000,000 of new loan money last year, and is limited to £2,900,000 new money for this year, is going to carry on. The interest due in London will be paid out of new loans, which will make available the revenue from railways, &c., for expenditure on public works in that State." This was precisely what the City of London discovered and objected to at the time of the last New South Wales loan.

S. R. C.



